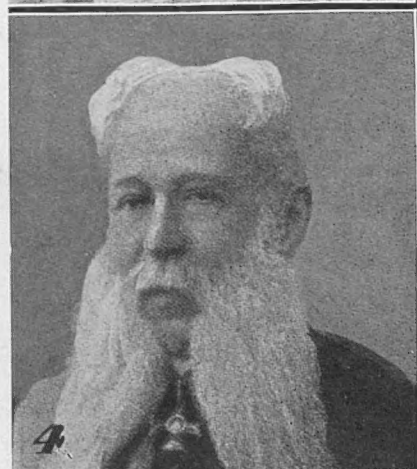


**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE TRIAL OF THE ENCHANTRESS: FIGURES IN THE GREAT CASE AT VENICE.



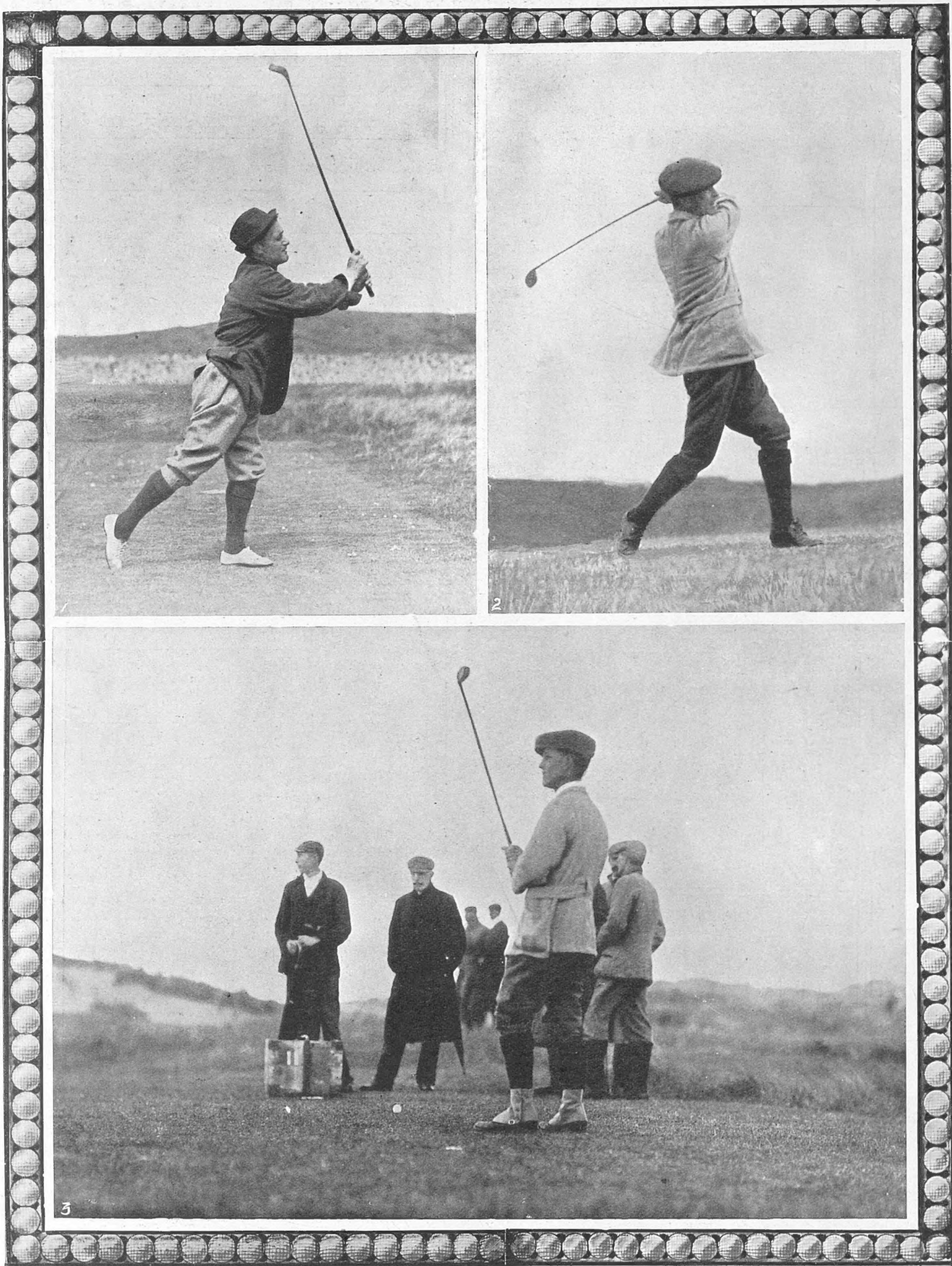
1. THE MAN WHO IS SAID TO HAVE SHOT COUNT KAMAROWSKI AT THE BIDDING OF COUNTESS TARNOWSKA: NICHOLAS NAUMOFF.
3. TAZIANA, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS TARNOWSKA.
4. COUNT NICHOLAS O'ROURKE, FATHER OF THE COUNTESS TARNOWSKA.

2. ACCUSED OF BEING CONCERNED IN THE MURDER OF THE COUNT: M. PRILUKOFF, SAID TO HAVE BEEN A LOVER OF THE COUNTESS.
5. THE COUNTESS MARIE TARNOWSKA.
6. VASSILI, SON OF THE COUNTESS TARNOWSKA.

Countess Marie Tarnowska, called "the Enchantress"; M. Prilukoff, a lawyer; Dr. Nicholas Naumoff; and Mlle. Liza Perrier, a French maid, are charged with being concerned in the murder of Count Kamarowski, in September 1907. Naumoff is accused of actually committing the crime. The prosecution assert that the Countess, having fascinated Count Kamarowski, and persuaded him to insure his life for £20,000 and will the amount to her, enticed Naumoff to shoot the Count. It is alleged that both Naumoff and Prilukoff were amongst her lovers, who are said to have been numerous. The latter acted as her advocate when she was divorced by Count Tarnowski; and fell under her spell at once. He is now thirty-seven. The Countess is thirty-one. Naumoff is twenty-one.

Photographs 1 and 2 by the Illustrations Bureau; 3, 4, 5, and 6 from "L'illustrazione Italiana," by courtesy of that paper.

IS THE BRITISH GOLFER A SPORTSMAN?
THE MAN WHO SAYS "NO"; AND ONE WHO SAYS "YES."



1. MR. H. H. HILTON, WHO HAS WRITTEN DISCOUNTING THE REMARKS MR. TRAVIS MAKES IN "THE AMERICAN GOLFER."

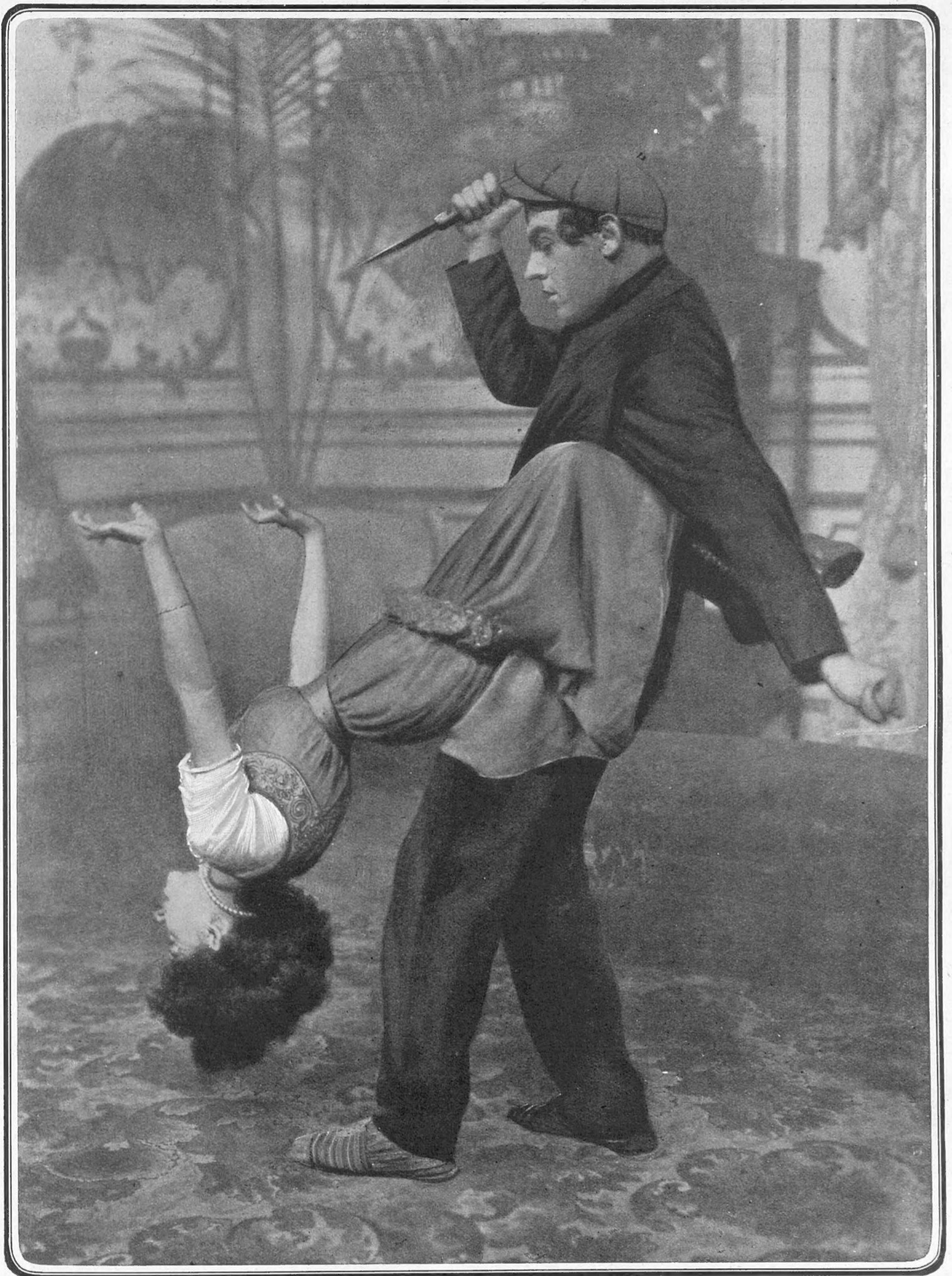
2. MR. WALTER J. TRAVIS, WHO ACCUSES BRITISH GOLFERS OF UN-SPORTSMANLIKE BEHAVIOUR AND LACK OF HOSPITALITY.

3. WINNER OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT SANDWICH IN 1904, BUT NOT PLEASED WITH BRITISH GOLFERS; MR. WALTER J. TRAVIS.

Mr. Travis, writing in his own magazine, "The American Golfer," tells the story of how he fared in England when he played at Sandwich in 1904, saying that he has broken the silence of six years, as many American sportsmen urged him to do so, and that he will never compete in Great Britain again—"for your golfers are such bad losers." In brief, Mr. Travis accuses the British golfer, as met by him and by other Americans, of being inhospitable and unsportsmanlike, and says, for instance, that none of the big men would play against him in practice, that the atmosphere at Sandwich was frigid, that he could not get a locker, had to change in the half-way, and to leave his clubs in the professional's shop, and that when the championship cup followed him to London he had to pay 3s. 6d. carriage on it, and that it was dented.

Photographs by the Sports Co.

"3 A.M. IN THE BOUDOIR OF A FAMOUS PARISIAN STAR"



THE APACHE OUT-APACHED: Mlle. POLAIRE IN "LA DANSE DES FAUBOURGS,"
IN "LE VISITEUR," AT THE PALACE.

The scene of "Le Visiteur" is laid in the boudoir of a famous Parisian star, and the time is three in the morning. The star hears a noise in the garden, believes that it is her lover trying to frighten her, and invites the man she sees into her room. She finds that the visitor is a thief. "To the man's insistent demand for her jewels she replies that she will give him everything since he is her preserver; he has saved her from one who would have robbed and killed her. She is, indeed, so grateful that she will sing and dance to him the songs and dances of which all Paris is talking. Thus she so far distracts his attention that he incautiously lays his knife upon the table. Then with simulated gaiety she invites him to dance—"La Danse des Faubourgs"—the wild one that he has seen her in from the gallery of the theatre. Deceived, he consents, but as they dance his eyes are fastened upon the necklace of pearls about her throat. The temptation is too great. He reaches up to detach the jewels. As he does so, she in passing near the knife seizes it and buries it in his back. He falls, and she, stumbling upon him, bursts into hysterical laughter."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
 EVERY EVENING at 8.15, THE O'LYNN, By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
 (Last 4 nights.)
 MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
 EVERY EVENING at 8. A Musical Play, OUR MISS GIBBS.
 MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open 10 till 10.

GARRICK. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER,
 Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
DAME NATURE. MISS ETHEL IRVING.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15. Box-office 10 to 10. Tele. Gerrard 9513.

NEW THEATRE. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.
 FRED TERRY as Sir Percy Blakeney.
 Every Evening at 8. Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
 Every Evening at 9, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by Oscar Wilde.
 At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred H. W. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
 EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—Every Evening at 9. Frank Curzon's New
 Production. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Co. in a new play, THE LITTLE DAMOZEL,
 by Monckton Hoffs. At 8.15, "The Parents' Progress." MAT. WEDS. and SATS. at 3.

EMPIRE. "HULLO! LONDON," NEW REVUE.
 "ROUND THE WORLD," LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, &c.
 And Specially Selected Varieties.
 EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL.
 Spend Easter at the Premier Hotel of Midlands. Best centre in England for Motoring and
 Driving. Charming Country. Garage for 60 cars. Telegrams: "Regent." Phone 741 Leamington.

BIRMINGHAM.—IMPERIAL HOTEL, formerly Acorn Hotel,
 Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations.
 GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter. Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE. The
 Ideal Residential Hotel. Furnished or Unfurnished Suites or Single Rooms for long or
 short periods. Magnificent Public Rooms. Recherche Restaurant. Afternoon Teas. Wedding
 Receptions. Telephone, Victoria 737. Tariff on application to W. M. Neffger, General Manager.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA. UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.
 STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.
 Entirely redecorated throughout. Magnificent Lounge.
 THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC
 LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.
ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL. SPECIAL TERMS FOR LENGTHENED STAY DURING
 THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
 ELECTRIC LIFT. Telegrams: "St. Mildred's," Westgate.
 Telephone: 0106 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

FOR LADIES IN TOWN.—Ladies passing through London
 will find the RICHELIEU HOTEL and RESTAURANT, OXFORD STREET, W.
 (corner of Dean Street), a perfect Lady's Hotel. 200 Bed-rooms, from 6s., including Attendance
 and Breakfast. Large Dining-Room. Restaurant. Afternoon Tea, with Music, from 3 to 6.
 Perfect Cuisine. Director, PETER GALLINA.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

POSITION UNRIVALLED
 IN LONDON.
 Unique Location in
 PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W.
 FAMILY HOTEL
 OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.
 Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff.

CHARMING
 SUITES
 and
 SEPARATE
 BEDROOMS
 FACING
 SOUTH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
 Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.
 Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

CANADA. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
 Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 3d.
 Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
 Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 15s.
 Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
 of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
 East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days,
 to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1800.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative
 of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary
 ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left
 at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or
 pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person
 injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the
 benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee
 Company, Limited, Act," 1800, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under
 Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said
 Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
 same risk.

March 16, 1910.

Signature

EASTER CHEAP EXCURSIONS, March 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th, VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE TO DIEPPE, ROUEN, AND PARIS.

AN EXTRA FAST SERVICE FOR PARIS LEAVES VICTORIA
 at 2.20 p.m., MARCH 24th.

Write for particulars to Continental Manager, Brighton Railway, Victoria Station, London.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT.—By the Harwich-
 Hook of Holland British Royal Mail Route, leaving London every evening, and arriving
 at the chief Dutch cities early next morning. Dining and Breakfast Cars on the Hook of
 Holland express.

GERMANY.—Accelerated service, via the Hook of Holland Restaurant Cars on the North
 and South German express trains.

BELGIUM.—Brussels: Return Tickets at Reduced Fares. The Ardennes, etc., via Antwerp,
 daily (Sundays excepted).

Direct Service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Corridor vestibuled
 trains, with Dining and Breakfast Cars, from and to York, alongside the steamers

TURBINE STEAMERS on the Hook service. WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY and SUB-
 MARINE SIGNALLING on the G.E.R. Steamers.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s steamers, March 23 and 26.
 Particulars of the Continental Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station,
 London, E.C.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EXCEPTIONAL FACILITIES FOR SPENDING

EASTER

IN THE COUNTRY OR BY THE SEA.

SPECIAL FAST EXCURSIONS

from WATERLOO STATION

to the principal Seaside and Inland Resorts of

DEVON, CORNWALL,
 THE SUNNY SOUTH, &c.

3-HOURLY SERVICE
 of EXPRESS TRAINS to
BOURNEMOUTH

from Waterloo (New South Station) on

THURSDAY, MARCH 24,

between

1.20 and 8.20 p.m.

CHEAP "THURSDAY TO TUESDAY"
 TICKETS

also issued by all Trains, including

CORRIDOR

DINING-CAR TRAIN

from Waterloo, 7 p.m., MARCH 24, to

WEST OF ENGLAND.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT.

14-DAYS EXCURSIONS,

via Southampton, from Waterloo to

PARIS, 26s. NORMANDY, 24s. 6d.

BRITTANY, 24s. 6d.

For details see Programmes, obtainable at the Company's Stations and Agencies, or from
 Mr. HENRY HOLMES, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP TICKETS to the CONTINENT will be issued from certain London Stations
 as follows—

DESTINATION.	DAYS VALID.	RETURN FARES.		
		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne)	14	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BOULOGNE	3	58 4	37 6	30 0
Do.	3	21 0	—	12 6
BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne)	8	30 0	25 0	17 10
Do. (via Ostend)	8	48 3	33 6	—
AMSTERDAM (via Flushing)	8	38 0	26 7	17 4
THE HAGUE (via Flushing)	8	37 1	25 6	—
CALAIS	8	32 10	22 5	—
Do.	3	22 6	—	14 0
OSTEND	8	31 6	26 6	20 0
FRENCH RIVIERA (via Calais)	8	28 9	20 3	13 8
Do.	30	192 0	132 0	—

WEEK-END TICKETS, AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses
 excepted), will be issued from LONDON and certain Suburban Stations to the undermentioned
 SEASIDE, &c., RESORTS on March 24, 25, 26, and 27, available for return on or before
 March 29, but not on day of issue.

	RETURN FARES.			RETURN FARES.		
	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
ASHFORD	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BEXHILL	14 0	9 0	7 0	16 0	12 0	9 0
BIRCHINGTON	14 0	10 6	8 0	16 0	12 0	8 0
BROADSTAIRS	16 0	12 6	8 0	16 0	12 0	8 0
CANTERBURY	14 0	10 6	8 0	14 0	10 6	8 0
DEAL	18 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
DOVER	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
FOLKESTONE	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
HASTINGS	14 0	10 6	8 0	8 6	5 6	4 6
HERNE BAY	14 0	10 0	7 0	18 6	12 6	9 0
HYTHE	17 6	12 6	9 0	16 0	12 0	8 0
LITTLESTONE	14 0	10 0	7 0	14 0	10 0	7 0
MARGATE	16 0	12 0	8 0	16 0	12 0	8 0
RAMSGATE	16 0	12 0	8 0	16 0	12 0	8 0
ST. LEONARDS	14 0	10 6	8 0	14 0	10 6	8 0
SANDGATE	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
SANDWICH	18 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
SHORNCLEIFFE	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
TUN, WELLS	8 6	5 6	4 6	17 6	12 6	9 0
WALMER	18 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
WESTGATE	16 0	12 0	8 0	17 6	12 6	9 0
WHITSTABLE	14 0	10 0	7 0	17 6	12 6	9 0

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the
 principal LONDON STATIONS to Ashford, Bexhill, Birchington, Broadstairs, Canterbury,
 Deal, Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, Herne Bay, Hythe, Margate, Ramsgate, Sandgate,
 Tunbridge Wells, Whitstable, &c. On EASTER MONDAY only, HALF-DAY EXCURSION
 to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY, and DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on EASTER MONDAY. Cheap Return Tickets
 (including admission) will be issued from London.

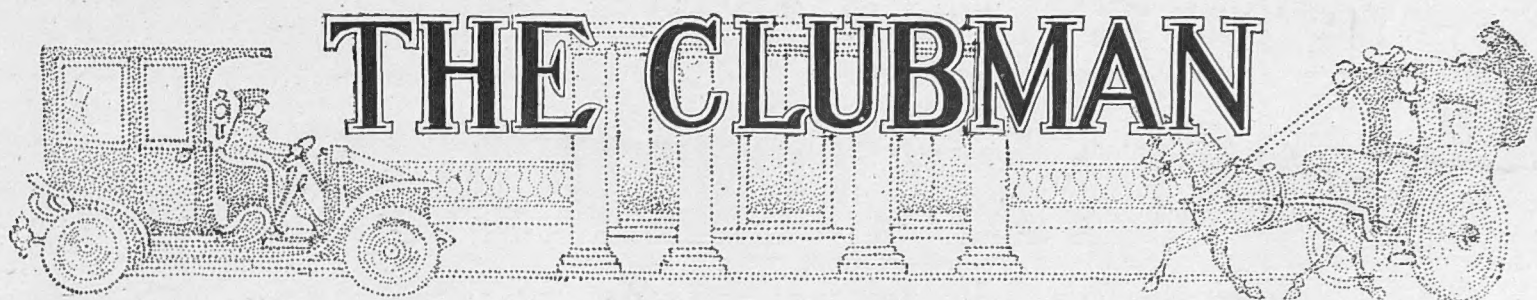
For full particulars of the above Continental and Home Excursions, Alterations in Train
 Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

DROITWICH (WORCESTERSHIRE.) THE FAMOUS BRINE BATHS SPA

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, &c.

Lovely country. Good Hotels. Golf. Illustrated Booklet "I o8" free.
 J. H. HOLLYER, CORBETT ESTATE OFFICES, DROITWICH.



Paris Herself Again.

That Paris would soon hide the scars left on her by the flood I felt certain. I am now in the City of Light, and I can find very few traces that the water but a few weeks ago was in the Champs Elysées, and that the members of the French Parliament went to their meeting-place in boats. There are two barricades in the Place de l'Opéra where the pavement has subsided, but of late years, since the underground railway burrowed about Paris, I have never known the Place de l'Opéra without at least one barricade. When Baron Haussmann made the new boulevards, and paved them with asphalt in order that the Communists should not find any material to hand of which to build barricades, he never expected that the workmen of the Government would permanently erect hoardings of green-painted wood in all the principal squares and supply a large quantity of ladders and barrows and hand-carts and rolls of telegraph-wire, out of which obstacles against cavalry are very easily made. If there were fighting to-morrow in the streets of Paris the barricades would spring into existence now just as quickly as they did before the days of Napoleon III.

The Rue St. Honoré.

Whenever Paris is battered, whether it be by lead or water, the Rue St. Honoré always seems to be a sufferer. Between the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale, the pumps are still busy taking the water out of cellars, and there is a great hole in the road, exposing to view a main drain which is as dry and as clean as though it had never been in use. All the prophecies that a wave of typhoid would follow the flood have proved to be false. Paris is more scrupulously clean now than she was before the waters overwhelmed her, and though I walked everywhere in the central part of the city where the water had created havoc, I could not detect a single offensive smell. That old-classical restaurant, Voisin's, has not suffered. The composure of the plump *maitre-d'hôtel* has not been affected. It was necessary to move the wines when the water began to penetrate into the cellars, but no babies could have been moved more carefully than the precious bottles were. The less aristocratic restaurant at the corner, farther down the road, was not so fortunate. It has great cracks in its face, and has been propped up to prevent it from falling.

Whitebait in Paris.

On the menu of one of the classic restaurants on the evening I dined there was "whitebait." A party of Parisians were at the next table to me, and after discussing this novelty with the *maitre d'hôtel*, and having been told that it was the one fish that was to be found nowhere out of England,

they ordered a portion between three. When the whitebait arrived, they were puzzled by the smallness of the fish, but the lady of the party, beautifully gowned and much jewelled, at once settled how they should be eaten. She picked them up with her ringed fingers, rubbed them on the lemon, and popped them into her mouth. After all, she was as likely to be right as we are when we chase the morsels about a plate with a fork. We eat shrimps, which have a very strong perfume of their own, with our fingers, and therefore there can be no reason why we should not help ourselves to fried whitebait, or chipped potatoes, or other cleanly delicacies, with the feeding instruments which were made before forks.

Much Advertisement.

All Paris is busy advertising "Chantecler." The boxes to hold chocolates in the confectioners' are made in the form of cocks, and some of them are embellished with real feathers. In the window of a merchant whose business is to buy second-hand jewellery is a large model of Guirry, as the hero of Rostand's play, with a suitable legend in front of him. Caricatures of Rostand, with his long hair blowing in the wind, are sold on postcards; and the latest toy cried on the boulevards is a little gutta-percha cock, which is blown out by the mouth, and which emits an imitation of a cock-crow as the air escapes again. This adds a new shrill note to the infinity of noises in the big streets.

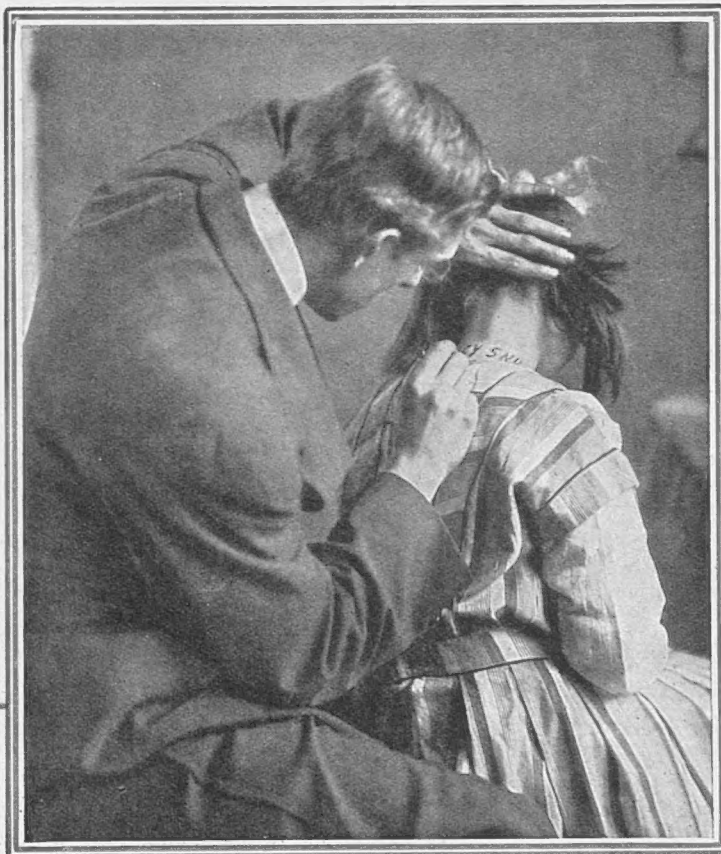
Noisy Capitals.

It is a question which is the noisiest now, Paris or London. In London the taxi-cabs and other automobiles sound their horns as they come to each street-corner. In Paris the chauffeurs keep their instruments of noise going for no particular reason, except perpetually to announce their approach; but the result is the same—that the noise is incessant in any frequented street. In many of the most aristocratic thoroughfares in Mayfair, automobiles follow each other from 9 a.m. to 2 a.m., with never more than a thirty-yards interval, and the unfortunate people who live in a corner house are never without the sound of a motor-horn in their ears. This, to anyone cursed with nerves, must be almost unbearable, and sooner or later, if house property in fashionable London is not to lose value by this nuisance of noise, some other means than a raucous horn will have to be found to warn other vehicles of the approach of a motor. In Paris there are still many squares and other enclosed places in the residential quarters which are closed to all carriages except those of the inhabitants; and as most of the bed-rooms in good houses look on to the courtyards, not on to the streets, the Parisians sleep now more quietly than the Londoners.



THE FASCINATION OF CREEPINNESS: THE SPIDER VEIL.
(ALTERNATIVE TITLE: WHY HE SPIED HER.)

Photograph by Topical Agency.



EVERY GIRL HER OWN VISITING-CARD: TATTOOING A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL'S NAME AND ADDRESS ON HER NECK.

Our correspondent writes: "A novel means of identification has been accepted by one of the deaf and dumb institutions of New York. In order that the boys and girls in the institution may be identified readily in the event of anything happening to them when away from the home, the name and address has been tattooed on each. The tattooing is done in ink that is not indelible, but will stand a year or so's wear and can be washed without fear of taking out the colour. The professional tattooer who did the work predicts that the time will come when this form of marking the body for identification in case of accident will be as common as vaccination."—[Photograph by Topical Agency.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

FLATTERY.

(Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says that American men have none of the subtlety of the well-bred Englishman—none of his finesse or charm of conversation and manner.)

Spare, oh, spare our modest blushes!

Gertrude, pray go slow;
To our cheeks the chaste blood rushes

When you praise us so.

For you cause us trepidation,
Both as men and as a nation,
When you laud our conversation.

We enjoy it, though.

We are quite unused to butter

From a foreign source,

So the pleasant words you utter

Have an added force.

It is really quite disarming

To be told we're not alarming;

And to learn that we are charming,

Flatters us, of course.

The War Office has authorised certain regiments to carry "Namur, 1695," on their colours. It was this delay that caused our men to swear so terribly in Flanders, as Uncle Toby said. They are all dead now.

At the Festival of Empire some elephants are to be made up as mammoths. Wigs by Clarkson.

A sit-down breakfast of devilled kidneys and beer is now all the vogue at 3 a.m. after a dance. This is how young men have to be bribed to go to balls.

There are, in fact, ominous signs that the age of abstinence has spent its force. An unnamed doctor says in a morning paper—"My general advice to patients is this: Eat much and often." Spirit of Eustace Miles! Are the habits of Mr. Pickwick coming into fashion again?

The Russian Governor of Tula has forbidden a lecture on the subject of Halley's Comet. And quite right, too. It would never do to irritate the thing when it is coming so close to the earth.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

(A duel with swords took place in Paris the other day, and in the first bout one of the combatants received a thrust in the right fore-arm.)

With lips compressed, and flashing eyes,

And faces sternly set,
And naked rapiers in their hands,
The valiant heroes met.

With fury blind they thrust, they stabbed,

And hideous curses hissed,
So recklessly that one received
A scratch upon the wrist.

Now had they fought at pistol range,

As prudence recommends,
They might have fired three shots
apiece,

And kissed, unhurt, as friends.
But swords are nasty, dangerous
things,

And, when two men are matched,
Through valour or excess of nerves,
One's certain to get scratched.

of real West of England cloth, for 2s. 6½d. Now we know why the present House of Commons is better dressed than the last one was.

The boom in rubbers still continues on the Stock Exchange. The bulls remember the rain of February, and are afraid of getting their feet wet.

The Dalai Lama has to sleep in the attic of his Indian hotel because no one is allowed to sleep nearer heaven than himself. And we poets have been doing the same thing for years and never knew why.

There is a new entry for the South Pole Marathon. Lieutenant Filchner, of Bavaria, is the German competitor, and an Antarctic authority says that he will be "treading upon the corns of the Americans" by starting from the Weddell Sea. Play the game, Filchner, or we shall have to disqualify you.

Contiguous paragraphs in a morning paper inform us that a Turkish lady thinks that the life of European women must be very tiring, and that a well-known lady in Society finds salvation in spending a whole day in bed once a fortnight. The "denizen of the harem" hit it first pop.

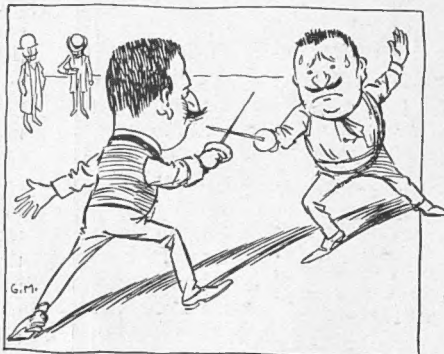
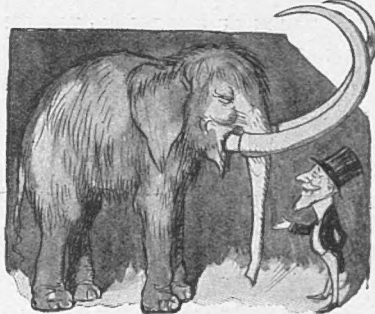
Some ecstatic women are going to start the Blue-Bird Club, where the members are to cultivate happiness on sausages and mashed potatoes, and if they don't at once grow the

smile that won't come off, will be liable to be "chucked out." It sounds very like the luncheon-bar of a public-house.

The United States Geodetic Survey announces that it has discovered that the earth is slightly larger than it has hitherto been regarded by men of science. Getting a little more portly with advancing years. Its waistcoats are being let out a few miles this spring.

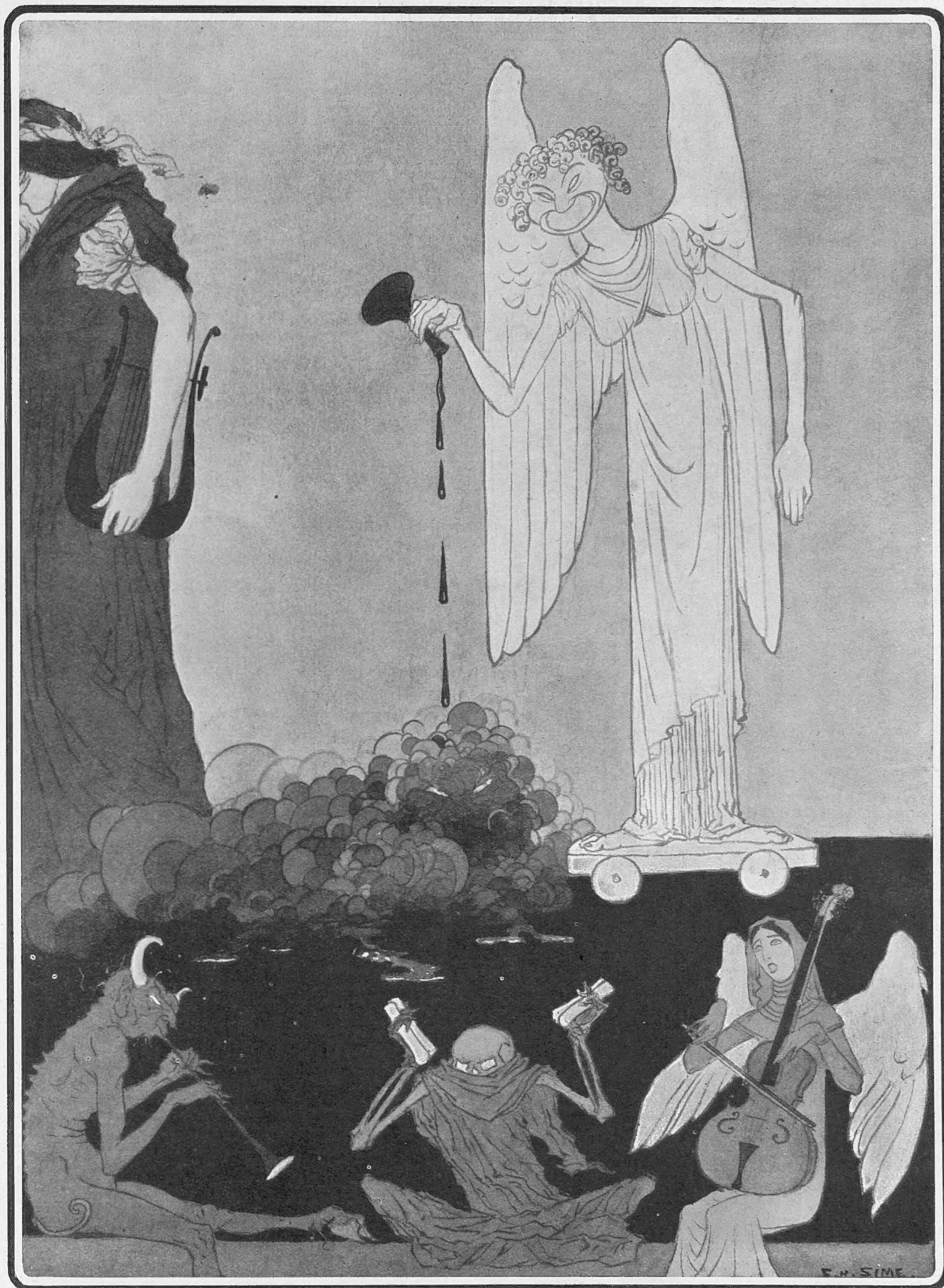
In the course of a recent trial his Lordship observed that there were six comic days a week and only one serious one. That is what makes life so sad.

Mr. Lulu Harcourt, in cryptic mood, announces the gift to the nation of the finest historical monument in the country, without saying what it is or who gave it. Sir Edmund Antrobus says that it is not Stonehenge. Do not keep us in this terrible suspense any longer. Next, please.



The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. H. Sime.

FOR SALE



I.—"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE": THALIA INSTRUCTS MELPOMENE IN THE USE OF DOPE.

"One asks why should a clean-living man, by a mere mouthful of accidental dope, be turned into a bellicose scarecrow? Is it a sign of moral depravity to suddenly acquire a shock head of hair and any old rags? So I see the Comic Sprite has taken the play in hand and pours out horror—with a grin—from the Tragic Flask, purloined for the purpose. The tragic mood of the play is dished and Melpomene disgruntled."

As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit a number of the theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays seen, but of the impressions made upon his mind by those plays. The first result is given here. Others will be published in due course.

SMALL TALK

NOBODY grudges Mr. Rufus Isaacs the partial ease of the Solicitor-Generalship. No bar-maid has longer hours than those kept these last years by this most popular of barristers. That he has the habit of rising each morning at five is common-room knowledge, though how it came to be so, without witnesses, one knows not; at eight, after three hours' close study at his briefs, he breakfasted; then, by way of Piccadilly, he sought his chambers, and further crammed himself with the affairs of his clients. The rest of the morning he spent in court, and the afternoon till four. Working at his chambers till the dinner-hour, he might be thought to have earned some recreation. But no; his place in the Commons claimed him till the House in general went to rest, but not, in general, to rise again at five. The new Solicitor-General will now revise all that.

Dances and Romances.

"But it's Lent," said the lady, hesitating before the luxury of a peach ice at a dance the other night. "Indeed it's not," answered the mystified dunce of the house, who happened to be her partner. "Mother bought them herself this morning." Perhaps he is a type of a generation that pays very little heed



ENGAGED TO THE HON. GRACE RIDLEY, VISCOUNT WOLMER.

Viscount Wolmer, engaged to the Hon. Grace Ridley, is the eldest grandchild of the late Marquess of Salisbury. His father, the Earl of Selborne, is High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of the Transvaal, in which office he will soon be succeeded by the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, a recent recruit to the House of Lords. Lord Wolmer's only sister is the wife of Viscount Howick, only son of Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

Acheson, who danced away their last hours together in England at Mrs. Van Raalte's and Lady Albemarle's, and enjoyed everything. On the same evening, Viscount Maidstone and Miss Drexel were admired partners at Lady Albemarle's; and Miss Drexel has also been dancing on Lady Altamont's excellent floor in Upper Belgrave Street.

Accidents and Dances.

Lent or no Lent, accident has lately been a great disturber of parties. The Duchess of Somerset had to abandon the ball arranged for last week because the lamentable taxi-cab collision in Portman Square left her niece, Miss Murray, in the mood in which it is one's inclination to renounce all lighter pleasures for the rest of one's life. Lady Aberdeen has had to combat the same disinclination; but she and Lord Aberdeen have put personal feeling aside, and, in spite of their



WIFE OF THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL: MRS. RUFUS ISAACS. Mrs. Rufus Isaacs is the third daughter of the late Albert Cohen. She has given many charming parties at her house in Park Lane, and is mistress also of a country place, Foxhill, Earley, Berks.

Photograph by W. Adams.



ARISTOCRAT AND DESIGNER OF DREAM DRESSES: LADY DUFF-GORDON.

Lady Duff-Gordon, wife of Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, is the very clever head of a well-known London dressmaking establishment. She is sister to Elinor Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," etc., and she is mother to Viscountess Tiverton, daughter-in-law to the Earl of Halsbury. As Mrs. Wallace, Lady Duff-Gordon founded her successful business, calling her creations by such fanciful names as the Dawn of Youth gown, Sea-shell dress, Silver Dream tea-gown. She continues to design dreams of dresses and visions of tea-gowns.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT AND HIS WIFE: SIR SAMUEL EVANS AND LADY EVANS.

The new President of the Divorce Court, Sir Samuel Evans, was the last Q.C. appointed in Queen Victoria's reign, and changed "Q." for "K." the year of his appointment. He married Miss Rachel Thomas in 1887; but that lady died two years later. Three years ago he married his present wife, and they have a son. Lady Evans, who is clever and accomplished, is an American lady, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Rule, of Cincinnati. She attended the first Court of this year, and she now awaits presentation on her husband's new office.—[Photographs by H. Walter Barnett.]



son's fatal accident, they have named April 5 as the date of a Levée, and April 20 as that of the State Ball in Dublin.

Shadows.

Again, casualty has cast a double shadow on the wedding of Mr. Francis Howard Lindsay and Miss Helen MacDougall on April 14. Not only is the bridegroom a cousin of the late Mr. Archie Gordon, but the bride is in mourning for her sister, who was drowned in January. And then, just when Lady Mayo was planning a party that promised to be one of the most brilliant of the Irish season, Lord Mayo must needs be more than usually reckless in the hunting-field, and be thrown, and threatened with concussion of the brain; but Lord Mayo is hard, and nothing came of it.

Arts and Crafts.

Lord Tankerville, famous as the Commander-in-Chief at the bloodless Battle of Tankerville, which resulted in last year's litigation, is now to be discovered in a more peaceful and characteristic avocation at the Royal Amateur Art Society in Hamilton Place. His miniatures have won him a prize. Miss Venetia Baring takes the honours for embroidery; and Mr. Hudson, the railway porter, shoulders the landscape award. But the Countess St. Germans' painted screen, and the Hon. Claude Yorke's contributions seem somehow to have escaped the eyes of the judges, though they have been the observed of all unofficial observers.



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT WOLMER: THE HON. GRACE RIDLEY.

Miss Ridley is the younger sister of Viscount Ridley, and is well known in English Society and in Dublin, where she has stayed a great deal with her aunt, the Countess of Aberdeen. Her mother, the late Hon. Lady Ridley, had literary tastes, and wrote successful novels. She was very much admired in the circle in which she moved. Her death occurred a year before the late Sir Matthew White Ridley was raised to the Peerage. Miss Grace Ridley also has keen literary tastes.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

"We Must Dine."

Lord and Lady Charles Beresford gave a successful dinner-party the other evening. Mr. McKenna, it is true, was

not at table, but Lord Charles steered as near to the First Lord of the Admiralty as he could—he invited the Secretary of State for War. At No. 10, Downing Street, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith were also entertaining. They too sought their friends in the enemy's ranks, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, so far as Mrs. are politicians at all, being among the opponents of his Majesty's Government.

Mixed Parties.

Lady Allendale has filled the gap among the Liberal hostesses, and yesterday she gave the second of her parties to the Liberal members and their wives. The Allendale mansion in Piccadilly is only a stone's-throw from Londonderry House, which seems to put on its blankest look when the carriages of Lady Allendale's guests reach to its front door round the corner. For Lady Allendale is, of course, the rebel sister of the Conservative master of Londonderry House.

SPORT, INDOOR AND OPEN-AIR: AT HOME AND ABROAD.



1. A FAMOUS SOCIETY SKATER: LADY HELEN VINCENT. TAKING A REST AT PRINCE'S SKATING CLUB.
2. TO BE ONE OF CAMBRIDGE'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE LONG JUMP AND THE HIGH JUMP AT THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS: MR. A. C. B. BELLERBY.
3. A PRINCE WHO IS TO TAKE PART IN A BULL FIGHT AT SEVILLE: THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.
4. M. MAX DECUGIS, WHO SPRAINED HIS ANKLE DURING THE FINAL HEAT OF THE RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, BUT WON THE MATCH, MR. RITCHIE CHIVALROUSLY RETIRING.
5. THE DEATH OF A BOXER AT WONDERLAND: FRANK INGLIS, OF BIRMINGHAM, WATSON'S OPPONENT IN THE FATAL MATCH, ON HIS WAY TO THE INQUEST.
6. MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE, WHO MIGHT HAVE WON THE FINAL OF THE RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, BUT RETIRED WHEN M. DECUGIS SPRAINED HIS ANKLE.
7. TO CAPTAIN THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM WHICH IS TO COMPETE IN AMERICA FOR THE AMERICA INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: CAPTAIN J. HARDRESS LLOYD.
8. TO CAPTAIN THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM AGAINST THE ENGLISH TEAM WHICH IS TO COMPETE FOR THE AMERICA INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MR. H. P. WHITNEY.
9. TWICE WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP AT SANDOWN PARK: CAPTAIN E. G. CHRISTIE MILLER'S SPRINKLE ME (CAPTAIN BANBURY UP).

Certain of the illustrations on this page call, perhaps, for rather more description than has been given in the main lines.—The Duke of Orleans is to be among the horsemen who will enter the arena at the forthcoming Charity Bullfight at Seville. Riding a superb Andalusian colt, which has been trained for the work, he will show his skill in the dodging of furious bulls.—The final of the Riviera Lawn Tennis Championship, at Mentone, led to an interesting incident. M. Decugis had gained a lead of four games to two in the first set, when he sprained his ankle, thus placing the match in Mr. Ritchie's hands. Mr. Ritchie, refusing to take advantage of his opponent, retired, giving match and championship to his rival.—Of the Wonderland fatality, it may be said that in the tenth round of a match between Frank Inglis, of Birmingham, and Curly Watson, of Chatham, the latter was counted out. He became unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, but, as it happened, proved useless, Watson dying two hours later.

At the inquest a verdict of accidental death was returned.—[Photographs by Grahame, Blaker and Co., Topical, Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and Rouch.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

LAST Thursday was the anniversary of the marriage of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, and in another three years they will keep their golden wedding. Meanwhile, their Majesties do not allow the happy day to interfere with the King's strongly advised avoidance of English March weather, even in sunny Eastbourne. The Duke of Devonshire's offer of Compton Place to the King, here predicted some weeks ago, has now been formally made, and possibly in 1913 it may enable the King to stay in England for the great occasion during the greater part of the "roaring" March.

Royalties and the Arts. The King likes

a good tune; and when it has a patriotic flavour, such as that of the song recently composed by Lady William Lennox and submitted to his Majesty's ear, he is very ready with his approval. But his Majesty is even happier in the studio of a painter like Detaille or of a sculptor like Rodin than in the music-room. The Prince of Wales resembles his father in this respect, as in so many others, and is content to leave the chief enthusiasm and care for music in the hands of the Princess. She does not care for shooting, and she dislikes racing. While his Royal Highness is plodding after birds or shaking hands with municipalities, she discourses sweet sounds, and has lately included a professional singer among her attendants on a certain visit to the country.

Memories. Mme. Wad-

dington, with whom the King lunched as he passed through Paris, boasts a friendship of long standing with both the King and Queen. As his Majesty once reminded her, her connection with the Court of St. James's did not begin with her stay in London as the wife of a French Ambassador; her grandfather was Minister from the United States to George III.

Mme. Waddington holds as precious many memories of England, and none is more pleasing than those of her association with the royal family; the King she always speaks of as the most gracious and talented of hosts.

"The Viscount." Lady Valentia has come to the end of her daughters! She presented, at the second Court, Miss Dorothy Annesley, the last, but not the least charming of



A DAUGHTER OF LORD ONSLOW: LADY DOROTHY WOOD.

Lady Dorothy Wood is the younger of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Onslow. She was married in September last to the Hon. Edward Wood, only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Halifax.—[Photo. by Samny.]



TO BE PRESENTED NEXT YEAR: THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL.

Miss Grenfell is the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Desborough. She will be presented next year and will go out in Society with her clever mother.

—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



THE POWER OF THE PRINCIPALITY: THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

The Prince of Monaco, whose income, derived from his little principality, is really princely, is a devotee to science. His chief studies are oceanographic, and he has made valuable discoveries in this line of research. —[Photo. by Numa Blanc.]

six sisters. Except by the calendar, Lady Valentia is herself hardly older than her daughters; and Lord Valentia may still pass for a young man. Do the airs of Oxfordshire, where undergraduates grow prematurely old, in reality contain the elixir of youth? Mother and father and daughters have spent the most of their lives there, and Lord Valentia is known in the University city, which he represents, as "the Viscount," probably for the good reason that the native is not very sure of the pronunciation of the rest of the name.

"Hazing" Without a question or a "Razing." murmur.

Washington has passed the Bill dealing with "hazing" at the West Point Military Academy. Englishmen, in the absence of Bills, have dealt with such problems in their own way. The "great" Lord Shaftesbury has left an account of a battle-royal in the hall at Exeter College, Oxford. It had been the antique custom to gather once a year round the fire and to compel all freshmen to raise their chins from the lip downwards with their thumbnails, grown long for the purpose, and then to require them to drink salt-and-water. But Lord Shaftesbury, having two stout and strong cousins to support him, and judging the freshmen to be equal to the task, gave the signal for revolt. He was the first to be called upon to perform the barbarous operation; but, instead of complying, he "gave my Lord Pembroke's son a box on the ear, and the freshmen falling on them, we easily cleared the buttery and the hall." The enemy was reinforced, and Lord Shaftesbury's men had to retire to a chamber in the quadrangle, but ultimately the victory was theirs. Young America might, 'an it liked, have saved legislating papas the trouble.

The Kin of The Hon. Kinnoull. Mrs.

Camilla Hay, who lost the suit brought against her by Lord Kinnoull and Mr. Ogle, has been everywhere described as Lord Greville's daughter, and that in some quarters which might have been expected to be better informed. As a matter of fact, she is a daughter of the late Lord Greville, who died recently, and she is the present Lord Greville's sister. He was married two or three months ago. Her sister-in-law is the popular Mrs. Ronald Greville. Lord Kinnoull has just gone to Cannes a conqueror, with a sheaf of congratulations on the result of his case in his pocket.



DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. EDWARD STONOR: MISS RALLI.

Miss Ralli is the daughter of that pretty, picturesque, and clever amateur actress, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor, who was the widow of the late Mr. Ambrose Ralli. Eleven years ago she married the Hon. Edward Stonor, uncle of Lord Camoys. Miss Ralli inherits her mother's talents.

—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



MARRIED TO MISS MABEL FITZGERALD ON SATURDAY

(12TH): MR. W. C. HADOKÉ. Mr. William Clarke Hadoke, who married Miss Mabel Fitzgerald on Saturday at All Saints', Eastbourne, is an Irishman well known in Dublin society. —[Photograph by Werner.]



TO MARRY COUNT TOMITO: MISS KATO, DAUGHTER OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.

Miss Kato came to England with her parents last year, and made her debut at Court. A marriage has for a long time been arranged for her with Count Tomito, a young Japanese nobleman who is engaged in the financial department of the Japanese Embassy. In accordance with Japanese custom, Miss Etsako Kato had not spoken with her fiancé except in the presence of her mother.

—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



MRS. W. C. HADOKÉ (FORMERLY MISS MABEL FITZGERALD) WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Mrs. Hadoke is the daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Fitzgerald. Her father served in the Indian Mutiny, in Afghanistan, and in Burma, and was Political Officer to the Gaekwar of Baroda.

—[Photograph by Lottie Charles.]

THE POLYGAMY FOR THE PEOPLE PLAY: ITS AUTHOR.



MR. GRANVILLE BARKER, WHOSE NEW PLAY, "THE MADRAS HOUSE," HAS BEEN PRESENTED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

One of the chief points of interest in Mr. Granville Barker's "The Madras House" is the long talk advocating polygamy for the people, delivered by Constantine Madras, the Orientalised Englishman who has turned Mahometan. There is in the play a good deal of other matter that deals with marriage problems, but it is certain that this particular point will be the one most discussed. As is the case with all Mr. Barker's work, the new comedy is full of witty things, some of them, from the ordinary public's point of view at all events, somewhat daring. It is, perhaps, almost superfluous to-day to give in detail Mr. Barker's achievements as a dramatist, and his equally important achievements as producer. It may be worth while to recall, however, that although one of the best-known men in London, Mr. Barker is only thirty-three. Beginning his theatrical career as actor, he made his first appearance on the stage in 1891. His part in the famous Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court will long be remembered. He is the author of, amongst other plays, "The Marrying of Anne Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "Waste." He is married to Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Rough on the Army.

seriously, would be offensive, but the great heart of the Lyceum, although it loves Tommy almost as much as it loves Jack, sees no offence, and takes none, but is enthusiastic. So "The Fighting Chance" will have a prosperous run, and Messrs. Ferris and Matthews, the authors, will be quite happy. To me the most interesting element of the affair was the way in which the soliloquies have been cut down; even melodrama, military melodrama, recognises the fact that there have been changes of technique—I wonder whether its real audience does? It was quite the right sort of play for the house, though the comic relief was a little thin and scanty; and those critics who thought that the description of the torture was rather too painful were thinking of their own feelings, selfishly. There was an excellent performance by Mr. F. Ross as the tortured man, and the house hissed Mr. Eric Mayne, the villain, lovingly. Mr. Robert Minster played the hero very well. Mr. Halliwell Hobbes and Mr. Arthur Royston represented two soldiers excellently. Miss Phyllis Relph acted ably as the ruined maiden—what a superb voice she has!

The Conversation Play.

We may be well pleased by conversation pieces so long as men with inexhaustible wit and ideas, and also with a gift for character-drawing, write them; but instinctively one hesitates to accept "The Madras House" as well as "Misalliance." For the thought of plays of this type by men less gifted than Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. G. B. Shaw is awful. Let me make a further "growl." These really gifted men are so full of ideas that they do not know when to stop. There was quite twenty minutes too much of "The Madras House," and too much is almost as bad as a fast. Dramatists ought to remember that you can have too much of a good thing. On the other hand, what a remarkable play! The first act, with its picture of life at Denmark Hill—somewhere near Ruskin's old house, I suppose—of the elderly rich shopkeeper with wife and six over-grown-up daughters, was deliciously humorous, and had that tranquil truth which distinguishes Arnold Bennett's descriptions of mid-Victorian life. What perfect little thumbnail sketches of the girls, all curiously alike, each nicely individualised! The picture of the inquiry in the millinery-shop into the conduct of Miss Yates and Mr. Brigstock, with Mrs. B. present and hysterical, was intensely funny, yet nearly painful. It is almost indecent to exhibit

souls nude in such a fashion. Probably the droll business of the exhibition of the mannequins marching with a kind of Gibson gliding strut, clad in amazing latest Paris model gowns, and the comic tale of the genesis of the straw hat *à la Belle Hélène*, will draw the town. I doubt whether the ladies can resist it. Moreover, the long discussion between the sentimental American and the Anglo-Mohammedan concerning the place and function of women is so clever, so startling sometimes, and so rich in unexpected truths that the dear creatures will be fascinated, even if they vow that Mr. Barker is a horrid man, and that "The Madras House" is not a play. As for the acting—well, there are twenty-one speaking parts, all played excellently, to say nothing of the silent, lovely mannequins. I have not space to discuss the actors individually—they were all admirable. Perhaps the most successful was Mr. Arthur Whitby as the shrewd, sentimental American financier.



ORGANISER OF A GREAT MUSIC-HALL COMBINE: MR. ALFRED BUTT, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE PALACE THEATRE.

Whilst in the United States recently, Mr. Butt worked up a unique co-operative scheme with the Orpheum Circuit, which body controls a large number of music-halls, and also the United Vaudeville Circuit. These two combinations practically control all music-hall affairs from Mexico to Canada and the Atlantic to the Pacific. Under these special circumstances Mr. Butt will be able to "book" an artiste for a round-the-world tour, inasmuch as he has already arranged to work in conjunction with Colonial managements.

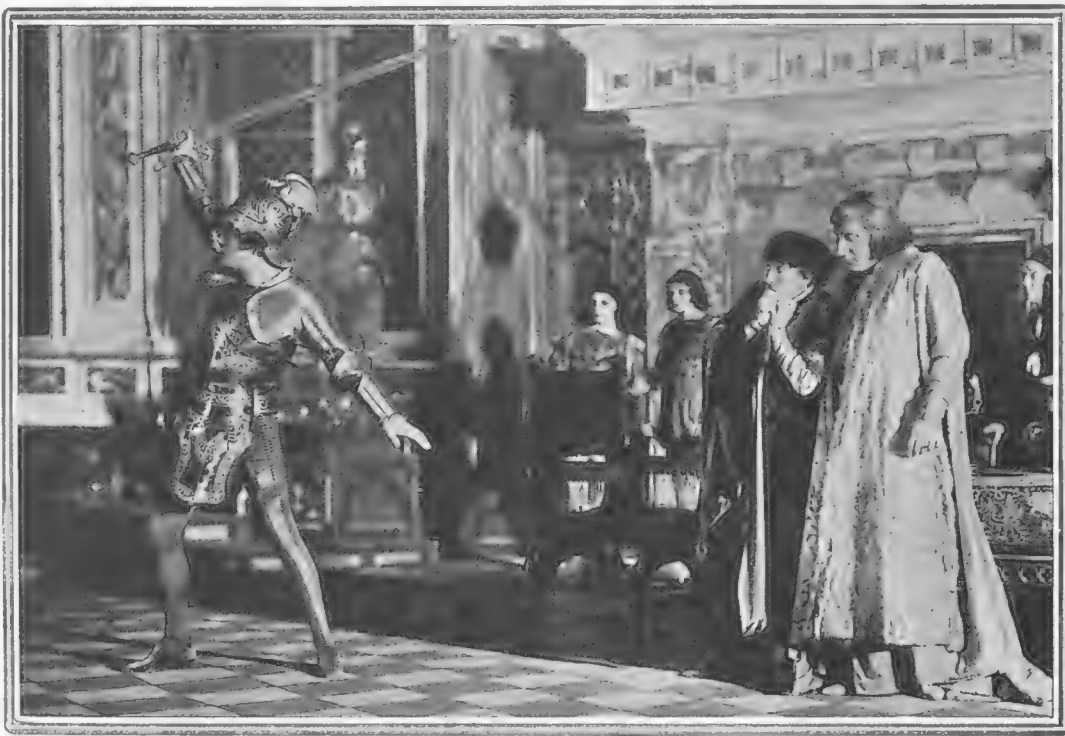
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

The Sicilians. The Sicilians, at the Lyric, are rushing through their repertory with wonderful energy. There has been the familiar "Malia," of course, and in "La Figlia di Jorio" they have wandered into imaginative and restful poetry, returning in "La Solfara" to the violent drama which befits a scene laid in a Sicilian sulphur-mine. Perhaps the finest of the achievements of Signor Grasso is his rendering of Pietro in "Pietra fra Pietre"—a play of Sudermann's, which gives him an opportunity for a magnificent exhibition of restrained and concentrated fury, preceded by a wonderful study of doglike submission and wolfish hunger. Grasso when he is not acting is so like Grasso when he is acting that these displays of exuberant emotion are obviously a part of his nature, which gives to them a compelling force unobtainable by an ordinary actor. Signora Bragaglia has done many remarkable things, of which the most

notable is her wild outburst in the last act of "La Figlia di Jorio." Signor Musco is a comedian of marked ability.

The New Savoy Piece.

"Two Merry Monarchs," at the Savoy, is handsomely mounted and well presented. The music, by Mr. Orlando Morgan, is bright and sometimes pretty; the book, by a quartet of authors, has a good fundamental idea; the lyrics in many cases are neatly written. Nevertheless, the work halts between the Savoy and the other houses. One had low-comedy humours, quite unobjectionable, but coming with something of a shock at the Savoy; yet there was a kind of primness through-



Mme. Bernhardt.

"LA BEFFA": THE NEW PLAY IN WHICH MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IS APPEARING.

The beffa is a practical joke; in this case a dangerous one. It is invented by Neri and Gabriel Chiarmantesi, and the victim is Giannetto, who is tied in a sack, ducked, and prodded with rapiers. Giannetto decides to have his revenge, which takes the form of yet another beffa. Wrapped in a cloak, he goes each night to the house of Neri's mistress, Ginevra. Neri knows this, and decides to surprise him there, and kill him. At the time of the meeting, Neri enters Ginevra's boudoir and has the signal to Giannetto shown. In due course Giannetto arrives, and is killed. Then enter another Giannetto; the latter is the real one, and Neri finds that he has killed his brother. For Giannetto had arranged that Gabriel, cloaked, should call for Ginevra at the hour arranged for himself. — [Photograph by Henri Mannel.]

out that insisted upon recalling the Gilbert tradition. The audience seemed well pleased, and offered several encores. The company worked together excellently, but no member was brilliantly prominent.

THE COSY GIRLS: LADIES WHO KEEP THE COFFEE WARM.



1. THE PORCELAIN BODY "HANDLE" OF A DOLL
COFFEE-COSY.

2. EVIE, THE COSY GIRL.

3. THE PORCELAIN BODY "HANDLE" OF A DOLL
COFFEE-COSY.

4. ARISTOCRATIC COSY GIRLS: MLE. ANGELE, DONNA ANNA, AND LUCREZIA.

We illustrate a number of the latest ingenious devices for keeping warm the coffee in cups. The body of the doll acts as a handle; the skirt as a cosy.

Photographs by A. Scherl.

GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

The Latest Epidemic. We know that influenza is a fearsome thing, and also typhoid fever. Cancer and consumption fill most of us with awe. But for me the most terrifying complaint that has ever been diagnosed is this very latest epidemic.

Its results are so far-reaching that they stretch away beyond the vision of one's imagination, setting their marks on countless future generations. It is called "Fearofageitis." It attacks, so far as I can judge from my immediate circle of friends, relations, and acquaintance, the majority, the large majority, of human beings, male and female, at the age of thirty. I fancy the first symptom is the discovery that in five years they will arrive at middle age, when, for the first time, Anno Domini dominates. In the male species it appears to start with a few grey hairs on the temple. These either have to be stained or cut out. Both "absolute remedies" are tried by the assiduous barber, and fail. With the female the first symptom is generally a matter of weight—"the little more, and how much it is." By thirty-five these symptoms appear in aggravated form, and life is never the same again, but is thereafter accompanied by and surrounded with a series of groans. To-day I am going to growl at these groaners, these impatient patients. Probably the sun is shining with all his brilliant might, the air is just fresh enough to exhilarate. Away the male patient rushes, accompanied by a tempestuous puppy-dog. This rush, be it said, is taken immediately after a heavy meal. Five minutes' hard rushing, and the male patient is puffed. "Aha! I knew it. I can't do these things any more. I am getting old." The tone is almost exultant in its conviction. And so the male patient ceases to try. The female patient observes her failing figure (whether it increases or decreases, it fails) with horror. "It is no good fighting these odds. I am getting old." So her self-indulgences continue. Continually the patients are heard groaning at their eyesight. "I can't see as I used to do." At the same time, they still see better than most.

Over-Civilisation.

Over-civilisation is the direct cause of the disease Fearofageitis. Why do people choose a life of rushing and tearing, of noise and bustle, of straining eyes and straining ears? They are ruining the chances of the next generation because they won't face facts. Why should they indulge their bodies at the expense of their health, and then cry out that it is age? Are children allowed to run madly about immediately after a heavy meal? Are they allowed a heavy meal at all if they have wise parents? Are children allowed alcohol according to their desires, sweets by

the bushel, tobacco by the ton? It is not age these patients suffer from, it is the fear of it. The remedy is to their hands. They may think themselves young if youth and the desire to be young is their besetting "itis." But then they must treat themselves as they would treat their children. I think it is a grand thing to grow old.



"SHAYDES" OF COLUMBUS: A GOAT-MOBILE.
The goat-mobility, as here shown, is the invention of a progressive citizen of Columbus, Ohio.

Effect on the Young. And how disastrous is the effect of this disease upon youth itself! The young of to-day feel themselves the elect of the earth. There is no need to learn, no need to acquire knowledge of any sort, even knowledge of themselves. No need to acquire control of themselves; no need to search for the meaning of life. They are young—that is life. "Oh, absurd! absurd! absurd!" I heard a young soul groan the other day; "twenty-two to-morrow. How I wish I could go back a year!" "Why?" I asked with unutterable horror, which I trust I disguised. "Why, to have *done more*." Think of it! And the allotted span is threescore years and ten. Fifty years still in which to do things, and yet to waste breath, thought, a sentence even, on one year gone! I heard another child of twenty told by her mother that women of forty to-day had more energy and go in them than young girls of twenty. But all the little egotist could say was, "Well, I would rather be young." And so is

Fearofageitis developed in the very young to-day. Well, they can't be twenty all their lives, that is a sure thing. But, oh! the rank, unhealthy egotism that is bred in them by our constantly deploring

in their presence that we are not their age! How imbecile to believe that only thirty years of life are of any use to them, and the people they live amongst, when sixty years and ten is their allotted span. Who cares for a tree in the garden which was planted only last year? It may be straight—so far. It may be graceful and slight. But will it live? And if it lives, will it stand the southerly buster and the nipping embraces of the nor-easter? Who can tell? Look at the oak of a hundred years and more. What it has gone through; how deep is its knowledge: what strength, what hardihood, what greatness it has shown! Are we less than the oaks? We certainly shall be if we don't pull ourselves together, and realise that age is the only thing worth while. Realise that the aged have combated life

itself; always going on; the great race well run; the splendid life well lived. What matter if the goal is never reached? The desire, the determinations, the attempts to reach the goal make a life worth living. They make for age a joy that youth can never know.



POST-OFFICE WORK EXTRAORDINARY: CLERKS DRYING AND SORTING LETTERS RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER "FINANCE," IN A BOILER-ROOM.

The letters recovered from the steamer "Finance" after they had been at the bottom of the sea for six months, were dried and sorted by clerks working in the boiler-room of the Federal Building, General Post Office, New York, the thermometer registering at the time 140 degrees.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



THE MAN IN BED (*waking up suddenly and discovering his fellow-lodger drinking his whisky*): 'Ere, Mulligan!
What are yer doin' with that whisky?

MULLIGAN (*with much presence of mind*): Whist, man, whist! I'm walkin' in me slape!

DRAWN BY L. LINDER BURNS.

KEYNOTES

THE OPERATIC OUTLOOK.

WITHIN a few days the brief Beecham opera season will have drawn to a close, and its promoters will be able to decide how far the public response has justified them. We have been told repeatedly that the public is waiting to support

certain operas that the obstinacy or parsimony of the Grand Opera Syndicate withholds from it. Gentlemen associated with the Syndicate, on the other hand, are heard to remark that its directors would be only too pleased to produce novelties if the public would show an interest in them; as far as their experience goes, their patrons prefer what they know well to anything they are asked to hear for the first time.

It is to be feared that Mr. Beecham has found already that his trump card has been the "Elektra," that neither of the two new works written by British musicians has

for British music than give a further hearing to British composers and singers; the honours have fallen to Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy, whose "L'Enfant Prodigue" is one of the most delightful one-act operas we have had the pleasure of hearing for a long time past.

If this result is disappointing, it must be admitted that the public attitude towards the venture has been much the same as in other autumn and winter seasons. There has been the usual rush for a sensational work, while good performances of other works have not seen crowded audiences. Of course, Covent Garden is a large house to fill; but it is the only opera-house in London, its facilities are unrivalled, and the prices charged have been remarkably moderate. In no case could the profits of the venture have been commensurate with the hard work involved: it was said in some quarters that a full house could hardly pay the cost of the "Elektra" performances, as the company, though small, is very expensive, and Dr. Strauss has views upon the questions of royalty that do not err on the side of modesty. He is justified to no small extent, for "Elektra" has never failed to fill the house from floor to ceiling, even though prices have been raised for these performances. But some productions of well-nigh equal merit, given after long rehearsal and with good companies, have failed to draw big houses at ordinary theatre prices.

It would appear that Grand Opera cannot be put upon a sound financial basis unless it is subsidised by the wealthy. Naturally enough, those who pay the piper call the tune, and the tune is generally one written by Verdi when he was young, or by Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and the rest of the unspeakables, who were surely born to justify vocal prodigies and barrel-organs. Happily, Mr. Beecham has not put his hand to the plough to turn back because the labour is difficult or unremunerative at the outset. Not only has he arranged a most attractive season at His Majesty's for the late spring and early summer, and a long season at Covent Garden in the autumn, but it is his intention also to give performances of opera in the provinces, the Colonies, South Africa, and the United States. The educational advantages of the scheme need no discussion, and Mr. Beecham has already shown that he has taste and judgment, in addition to the courage of his opinions.

This last is no small quality in an impresario, for every man in the street is quite sure that he can teach an operatic manager his business. We are left wondering whether provinces, Colonies, and other countries of the English-

speaking world will learn to appreciate opera a little more rapidly than Londoners do. When we remember that leisured Londoners may be numbered by the hundred thousand, and that, if they all went twice or thrice to the opera in the year, they could support two opera-houses all the year round, there seems to be ample room for improvement in existing conditions.—COMMON CHORD.



A SIX-YEAR-OLD LEADING LADY: MISS IRENE VALERIE HYMAN, WHO PLAYED KING STAR-FISH IN "THE GOLDFISH," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Little Miss Hyman's appearance in the fairy play, "The Goldfish," brought her much applause, and for one so young she sang, acted, and danced with remarkable confidence.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

proved a very great attraction. If we may not apply the term "new" to "The Wreckers," it is at least well-nigh new to London, and quite new as far as Covent Garden is concerned.

"A Village Romeo and Juliet" failed altogether to attract. Mr. Delius writes wonderful music for the orchestra, his choral work is hardly less clever; but for his soloists he would seem to have but small regard. The music for Vrenchen and Sali is curiously unhappy and uninspired; they might be singing exercises for all the emotional and melodic interest the music carries. Refined, carefully thought out it may be, but for attractive melodic phrases one listens in vain. Some have condemned the opera on account of the libretto, but this is hardly playing the game. No libretto in the library of any opera-house could survive the appalling dulness of much of the music allotted to the leading singers.

"The Wreckers" is another disappointment. Here again we find a composer with a truly splendid gift for orchestral writing, and a relatively incomplete instinct for the stage. Miss Smyth's music lacks contrast; for every emotion on the stage she piles one effect upon another, Pelion on Ossa, with the result that each exciting moment seems to leave nothing for the rest. The composer's music is seemingly saturated with the Wagner influence, but the sense of proportion that Wagner possessed to such a remarkable extent is denied to his disciple. She is too prodigal of her resources, her orchestral ambitions are too vast, she has sacrificed restraint to expression, and while the eye is charmed by the stage pictures, the ear is concerned with things of the orchestra, with the result that harmony between orchestra and stage is lost—one cannot see the wood for the trees. In short, Miss Smyth is an accomplished musician whose gifts none would belittle or deny; but they do not include writing for the stage. On the concert-platform the music sounds far more effective. We are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Beecham's season has done no more



A WELCOME RECRUIT TO THE CONCERT PLATFORM: MISS MARGERY BITTER.

It was arranged that Miss Bitter should make her first appearance on the concert platform in London at the Salle Erard on Saturday last.

Photograph by E. O. Hopf.



A NEW ELIZABETH, IN "TANNHÄUSER". Mlle. MAUDE THÉCIA (MRS. GASTON MAYER).

Mlle. Thécia made her début at the Pergola Opera House, Florence, the other night, as Elizabeth, in "Tannhäuser."

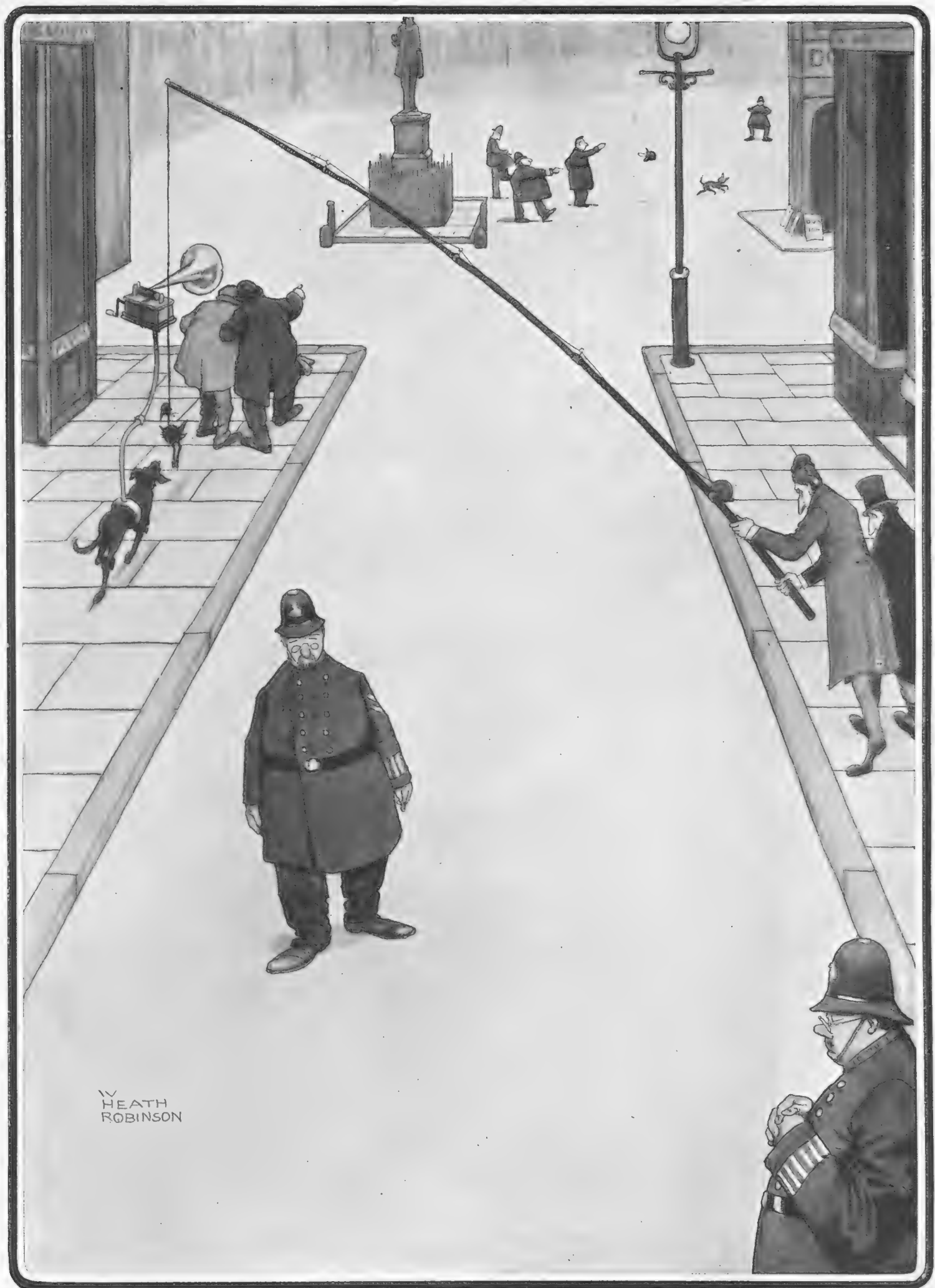
Photograph by G. Bregi.



'Tec Tactics.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



V.—HOW MR. HERRING TRACKLER OVERHEARD A PLOT TO STEAL THE COBDEN STATUE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

LILY LORETTE, STAR; AND LORD ASCALON, COWARD.*

HAVING attained years of indiscretion, Roderick Belhammer fell off the wall of convention; and all the King's Counsel and all the wise men could not have put him together again. He met, as it seemed, his great mishap. At the age of twenty-two he married Lily Lorette, the great serio-comic, a star risen from the pungent haze of a fried-fish shop. Bliss was brief. His wife jarred on his nerves. Her language was not his language; her friends were not his friends; her taste was appallingly her own; even her buoyant love for him, the magnetism of her personality, that gift of the gods that enabled her to hold her audience spellbound while she sang inanities, wearied him: to be called a "duck-pot" was no longer unalloyed joy. The parting was without "scenes"—a gradual falling away. The wedding had been kept secret, and remained so. The meetings were fewer: that was all. Then came an unexpected day on which Belhammer found himself Lord Ascalon. At night he went to the Variety and drove his wife home, to find himself in her house for the first time in that year. "He looked round the room and saw in it the tragedy of his life. . . . Everything . . . was a shock. The portraits of ladies in various styles of undress, the portraits of men signed 'With love to Lil,' the ostentatious display of invitation cards, and the carefully arranged litter of telegrams, showed, as nothing else could show, the nature of the woman. . . . His wife! He shuddered."

Challenged, he confessed to being worried about her. He did not know that, loving, she could sacrifice—

"Look here, Lily," he said abruptly. "you don't know what it means. I've got a fine house now, and a big estate, and heaps of money. You could have a splendid time down at Melford."

"Among the cats," she answered, laughing. "Not me. I can hear them purr to me with their claws out. 'Lord Ascalon,' they'd say, 'pity he's married that vulgar music-hall woman.'"

"I wonder—" he began.

"No, you don't," she said, still caressing his hands. "We struck a sentimental bit, Roddy, and were both fools. Since then we've done the sensible thing."

He did not see the gold for the tinsel.

So Ascalon went to the ideal village of his home-made Utopia, "dreaming good drains"; Lady Ascalon, as Lily Lorette, back to the halls. They saw one another now and again. Once it was in the Ascalon Chapel at Melford. "The jar of reality shook Roderick with a cold anger. He imagined the ghosts of the dead mocking him. The sunlight blazed suddenly across his wife and lit up her corn-coloured hair till it shone like a dazzling crown of gold, and beside it and her triumphant live beauty the grey tombs and the tarnished coat-of-arms looked pale and shabby. Her vitality conquered the place, and made her

the only person of importance there; and, if he had only seen it, she reigned like a queen in a noble setting. But he saw only his mistake and the dreadful modernity of them both, and in her radiance he saw only a common lustiness, like the strength of some big weed in a garden of well-bred flowers." Yet, in justice,

he insisted again upon what she was forfeiting; and again she refused to take her place publicly as his wife. Rather, she went abroad, determined to travel and study to fit herself for the position that was hers by right. He saw her later in Paris, and took her to the Garnier. There, in drab Bohemia, she sang—"ballads, simple things, little quaint songs. . . . Roderick watched her as if it were all part of an extraordinary dream; his eyes never left her face. . . . When at last she could sing no more, and had sat down, Roderick said to her, "I never knew, Lily." "You never do, darling," she said. He saw the subtle change in her, and wondered and was glad. Still he remained a coward, fearful of what the world—his little world—would say, cringing before the vision of shoulders shrugged at his wife's advent, of smiles but half concealed, of stories told in clubs and whispered below stairs. "A bit dotty," as he had been said to be when he lived the open-air life, tramping about the country, and planning to revolutionise the life of the village, he was yet so far the slave of the "right thing" that white feathers fluttered before his eyes, not singly, but in battalions.

Tragedy alone brought him to sanity. A fanatical admirer of Lily Lorette murdered a friend of hers, and of Ascalon, in her house. She had to attend the inquest—and people talked of lovers. Roderick acted quickly. "If all the world cackled of the murder," he thought, "what would it say when he announced the fact that Lily was Lady Ascalon?" He dared not

think, but he took the plunge, and reaped his reward. The test was severe for both of them. Lady Ascalon stood in Ascalon

House receiving her guests. All the county came—possibly to jeer, certainly to remain to praise. Of them all, the Duke of Cranberry had the greatest understanding. He asked his hostess to show him a picture in "The White Room."

The Duke went to the portrait and looked at it for a minute. His back was turned to Lily.

"My wife," he said, "claimed the privilege of an old woman. May I ask for the privilege of an old man? Will you be kind enough to allow me to ring the bell and ask for a glass of champagne? . . . Until the champagne was brought the Duke remained silent, his face to the picture, his back to Lily. "Now," he said, when the door was closed on the maid, "drink a glass of that, it will do you good."

She obeyed, still wondering. Then he turned to her. "My dear child," he said, "I have been through

a good many difficult things myself, and I admire your pluck."

Thus snobbism, as concerned with Lily Lorette, died the death, and out of its ashes arose friends—and a husband, one who had learned that tinsel may hide pure gold.



THE SMALLEST CONSCRIPT IN FRANCE: MARCELIN PACCARD, OF CUSZ, WHO IS 96 CENTIMETRES (ABOUT THREE FOOT ONE) IN HEIGHT.

Marcelin Paccard is on the list of those whose service should begin this year. He is a seller of flowers.—[Photograph by Transfus.]



THE LAST TO PRACTISE A STRANGE RITE: FIRE-EATING INDIANS OF LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

These men are the only remaining fire-eating Indians, and it is more than probable that the practice of the strange rite will die with them. Lake County takes its name from Clear Lake, a sheet of water 27 miles by 9.—[Photograph by A. Inkersley.]

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.



JOLLY GOOD SPORT!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE EVE OF A LONG DAY.

By MARIAN BOWER.

COLONEL le Marquis Edmond de Kheyern, for the moment attached to a French force that had marched from Bisk'ra southwards into the desert, to punish the revolt of a squadron of "Cavaliers du Goum," as the contingent furnished to France by certain Arab tribes was called, was seated in the midst of a half-circle of brother-officers. Before him, around him, was the trackless sand of the African desert; one palm, with a stem inordinately long, with a crest of leaves unusually thin, and with a few forlorn clusters of fruit, withered before they were ripe, pendent from dried-up stalks, testified to the presence of a little water. Overhead, the sky, which had been metallically blue, was taking on that first note of red lavender which betokens the fall of day. Behind were the tents of the expedition; on the west was a line of darkness—all that could be distinguished of a native village.

De Kheyern had been in the desert so often that he had made this most inhospitable land the source of a reputation that was European rather than Gallic. Where danger, thirst, difficulty were to be faced there was he found. North Africa is pre-eminently the Frenchman's land of adventure, and few knew it so well as this soldier, who was rich, who was well born, who might have taken his ease, who might, as the phrase is, have arranged himself where he pleased.

People talked of De Kheyern in the "Cercle," in the "salon." Men made way for him, women stood on tip-toe to look at him. Yet the outward man had nothing of the dashing French "militaire" about him. De Kheyern was not tall, not small, neither stout nor thin. His hair was scanty and prematurely whitened, his moustache cut in a bristle across his lip. His eyes were grey, and had in them that faded look which comes from much staring at shifting, glittering sand; and his mouth—it somehow contradicted his fame, his orders, his prosperity, his popularity, for it was the mouth of one who had tasted life and found the fruit of it gall and wormwood between his teeth.

Now he sat very upright, very still, looking hard ahead of him. De Kheyern always maintained that he hated police work, and this was assuredly police work. Three natives had been caught overnight in an attempt to raid his tent, and, incidentally, as the trial proceeded, a charge of murder was tacked on to the first accusation by the headman of the village, who had been called up to answer for his dependants. Neither the judge nor the prisoners attached much importance to that development. Both parties understood that killing a man was only a side-issue dragged in to show that the accused were capable of theft.

The Colonel patiently listened to the case—he had heard dozens such in his time. He sat with the sun above him, with the scorching heat about him, listening to the interpreter, for the prisoners had professed themselves ignorant of the several native dialects of which the Colonel possessed a smattering; and as time wore on, and one ragged native after another swore to the truth of evidence that invariably contradicted that given immediately before it, De Kheyern's look fixed itself again and again on one man, the ring-leader among the accused.

The native, for his skin was mahogany in shade, seemed to belong to one of those tribes whose figures and faces perhaps still owe something to the Roman occupation of the land, for his lips were thin, his nose straight, and his profile long and narrow. His white garment was wrapped about an erect form, his beard was long, his head covered first with a voluminous turban and then surmounted with a wide hat of coarse straw, in which, at one side, nodded a scantily furnished ostrich-feather.

The man listened to the witnesses swearing for him, against him, without as much as changing his attitude, without uttering a single protest or contradiction, until at length the European who was his judge suddenly gave a new turn to the proceedings by rising and walking nearer to the accused.

The interpreter ceased to chant forth, "This man sayeth, O Excellencies!" The Frenchmen looked at their Colonel. The Colonel looked at the prisoner.

There followed a moment of silence—of stillness after what suddenly seemed to have been ages of chatter. The sun dipped into the west; there was a circle of yellow over the purple outline of the village; the stem of that one solitary palm suddenly cracked loudly.

Edmond de Kheyern went slowly, gliding rather than moving up, to the prisoner. The two, the man in the uniform and the man in the dirty Arab garments, stood almost touching, they were so close.

The faded eyes looked into eyes that were bluer than they had

ever been. The Frenchman's hand went to the hilt of his sword, grasped it convulsively.

"Uncover," he commanded, not in Arabic, not in any local dialect, but in French.

The words, hoarse as De Kheyern's voice was, seemed to sound as if it were a bell tolling where there were neither churches nor steeples.

Major d'Aissecourt—"Petit Louis," as he was invariably called—heard it, started, looked sharply, inquiringly, at the man under whom, not an instant before, he had felt it an honour to serve. De Kheyern avoided the look; d'Aissecourt turned his head from right to left, rose. One by one the Frenchmen who served with him rose also, until each man stood erect, each man with his hand down by his sword.

Uncover! It was the last command ever addressed to an African, the insult that even his most bitter enemy would spare him. But it was not the word outraging all precedent that amazed the listeners—it was the language in which it was spoken. De Kheyern had said it in French.

The prisoner heard, and no man waiting doubted but that he understood. He looked at the judge who could slay him or free him, and over the bronzed features passed something like a darker shade.

"Grand Ciel!" ground Petit Louis between his teeth. Another man drew as deep a breath, muttered as fervid a protest.

The two ejaculations seemed to decide the prisoner.

He lifted his hand, removed the straw hat with its ridiculous feather.

He waited. The Colonel waited; the circle of officers waited.

The prisoner put up his hand again; he removed his turban.

It fell to the ground, and with it seemed to fall so much more than a mere length of soiled muslin. The man, who with it on had looked an Oriental, stood up neither Berber nor Arab, but European.

With an impetuous movement he dragged his garments out of their bundling, Eastern folds; freed his arms, his chest.

"God in heaven!" ejaculated d'Aissecourt again.

"Bon Dieu! but is he not a Frenchman?" finished off Raoul Foebas.

The man accused of theft, accused of murder, looked at the officers. Quietly, steadily, his glance worked from right to left, quite leisurely, quite without disturbance. Last of all it came back to De Kheyern. There it paused—waited.

The shadows were beginning to steal out on to the sand; there came that little puffing breath that is not freshness, but which is yet a flowing air after the stillness of the noonday in the desert. Round the palm was the first faint outlining of purple; on the edge of the waste appeared that cloud which is neither grey nor blue, neither mist nor dust—but just the death of a day.

His subordinates looked at De Kheyern. The minutes to darkness were almost to be counted. Each man knew that so much must be got through, determined, before the night fell—and yet no one could move until the Colonel moved.

He did not keep them waiting long—and a dog suddenly howled in the village. He turned to them.

"This, Messieurs," he said formally, "is my affair."

The others understood. D'Aissecourt brought his hand to the salute. His troubled look lingered on his chief's face. De Kheyern understood—and set his teeth.

Petit Louis turned about, those with him turned about. They, Frenchmen and gentlemen, went back to their tents, they left the man that each one of them had been proud to serve under alone with a prisoner accused of theft who had, without a word, without a gesture, but so unmistakably that there was no getting away from it or gainsaying it, suddenly turned judge to the man who had set out to try him.

The guard retired, hustling off the two other prisoners, the chief, and the witnesses. The man in the uniform, the man in the rags stood motionless.

Deeper purple grew the outlines about them, longer grew the shadows.

"At last!" ejaculated De Kheyern.

"Yes, at last," the other man answered.

"Then you sought me," he went on. "I have sought for you. It was my part to seek for you. What did you want with me? Had you not done your all?"

The Colonel heard. Each word was an accusation. He lifted his colourless eyes, looked into the face confronting him, looked past it, into the midst of the sunset. His mind hurried back, ten, fifteen years.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOE! WOE! AND UTTERABLE WOE!



THE HATTED LADY: Luck! I don't know what it is — why, look at the divorce, even that was a ghastly fizzle.

THE OTHER: My dear! But you won all along the line.

THE HATTED LADY: Oh, won, yes! But think when it came off! Just when all the beastly papers were full of nothing but the election.



THE MANAGER: It's no use, Miss Trippett, the piece won't stand — we shall have to knock a bit off your salary.

MISS TILLI TRIPPEIT: Oh, but it's crool hard on a poor widow with eight grandchildren!

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"It is so long ago," he muttered.

"Yes," answered the other man, burnt with the sun, tanned with the life of a wanderer. "Yes, it is long ago. But the longest day ends. We are at the evening now. It seems to me," the rising of emotion in his tone, "that indeed we are at the evening now."

There came another silence.

"We were young then," De Kheyern took up; "life meant so much. It meant ambition, success. Ambition was my god—ambition and France."

"Not France—ambition and Edmond de Kheyern," answered the other man mercilessly.

The Colonel took no notice of the correction.

"Yes," he went on, "in that day one lived, one looked to be someone, one imagined that there was sweetness in achievement, satisfaction in attainment. Life was not an end long delayed, it was a possibility, it was—"

"But," thrust in the man before him—and again the dogs in the village barked, barked as insistently as only an Arab cur can bark—"I stood in your way, Edmond de Kheyern. And what did you do with me?"

No answer came. The darkness was almost on them, and this must be finished while yet one man could look into the face of the other.

At the back, where were De Kheyern's force, his tents, his equipage, a camel shrieked discordantly. For the rest, the expedition was still to a man—strangely, unnaturally still.

Perhaps the prisoner observed that, for he raised his head and listened.

"Edmond de Kheyern," he went on, "I ask you, after all these years of waiting—after these years, when I am what you have made me—what you did with me?"

"I did nothing—" the Colonel began.

The man in the rags smiled.

The smile seemed to break down De Kheyern's defence. His hand fell, his head drooped.

"You did nothing," the other man went on. "True, you did not shoot me or stab me. But I was in your way, and you made arrangements. There were but two men favoured by her father as suitors for Leonie la Ramée. To which did her heart incline—to Edmond de Kheyern?"

"No," whispered the prematurely grey-haired man in the uniform, with the sword by his side.

"Where is she?" the other suddenly asked.

"Dead."

"Your—"

De Kheyern put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. "She died," he said hastily, "six months after—after—you—you—disappeared."

"And at the end, when the heart speaks, whose name was on her lips—yours or mine?"

"Yours," answered De Kheyern.

"Then," commented the other, a flash in his eyes, "my absence profited you nothing?"

"Nothing," groaned De Kheyern.

The word echoed and died in the space; the shadow of the palm fell across the two men, patterning the sand as if it were a great scorpion.

"There were but two men," resumed the prisoner, "selected for the first expedition to the Um'meni Mountains. The choice lay between them. It was the chance of a lifetime. Whoever went on that expedition and came back from it was a made man. As I said, the choice lay between two. It fell on one. On whom, Edmond de Kheyern, did it fall?"

"On you," answered the Colonel, whose breast, when he was in full uniform, was covered with medals and decorations.

"And who was the man passed over?"

"I was."

"Which of us was the junior?"

"You were."

"So, until I was detached for special duty, I was under your command?"

"You were."

"Bound to execute your orders or be guilty of insubordination?"

"That is so."

"And you and I, with a raw lad of a doctor, were the only Frenchmen with the force?"

"Yes."

"So that there was no man to check your proceedings, to grow suspicious of you, to return to France and ask whether such things ought to be?"

"No."

A silence fell again. The darkness was even nearer. The tents were blurred shadows of grey; a hawk, coming up no man knew from where, attracted by the village, stayed its flight an instant and towered over the two men.

"Yet," resumed the outcast, "you wear the uniform of a French officer, I the rags of a Berber tribesman. I am accused of trying to raid your tent; you are the man set up to say whether I shall suffer or go free."

The outcast laughed bitterly. This time an ass behind the camp brayed.

"Why," went on the last speaker, "why is this? Does it not seem to you that if one must go under, our rôles ought to have been reversed?"

De Kheyern made no answer. There were great round drops about his brow, his lips twitched, not quickly, but slowly, as if the

spasms would come one by one, that they might each give him their full possibility of pain.

"But," continued the accuser, "you have not forgotten, you cannot have forgotten, what happened next. You laid your plans well. The devices were simple—it is always the simplicity of a stratagem that ensures its success. First, you declared that your native scouts had located a robber miles away in a cave. Time pressed. Every minute mattered. You hurried on your second in command with a company to arrest this robber. They could not wait for the cool. They started in the blazing sun, there were so many leagues to cover. The French sergeant fell dead in the heat. It was stupid of him; he was not in your way. The second in command pressed on. There was no robber, no cave—and he came back to tell you so. But you did not desist. There was a Mad Marabout in the camp the next night, preaching of Allah and wrath for the infidel. You said, let the poor fool go. Only you knew that he had bribed a camp-follower, that there was a drug in the water served out for you and me that night. You had fever, you stayed in your tent that night.

"I drank of the cool draught," went on the accusing voice.

"I raised my cup to the sky and thought of what the morrow would bring me."

"When that morrow dawned the man who had been preferred before you was incapable. You rose, the hero that you were, from your sick-bed to take his place. The doctor with the force, young, inexperienced, gave his verdict. What did he know of Arab poisons? You emerged with a medal, a decoration, a step—your rival was dismissed his regiment for being drunk on active service. He disappeared, you prospered; but, after all these years, he has come up with you again."

"And," broke in De Kheyern, speaking hastily, speaking eagerly for the first time, "have I done nothing? Have I ever forgotten? Have I not burned to atone?"

"To atone?"

The outcast brushed the easy phrase aside.

He raised his head, looked long into the other's eyes.

"Edmond de Kheyern," he summed up, "I am what you have made me."

"And," cried out the Colonel, "I am what my sin has made me. Look at me. Is it contentment that you see on my face, satisfaction? Men jeer at me for what they call my 'restlessness'; you at least know what breeds it. I have neither home nor wife nor child. You know why. There is no one to continue my name after me. You know why it must die. It is not because Leonie no longer lives; it is not because no other woman can take her place, it is because you, Philippe de Frechville, are on earth, because I have always known that you lived, that I must find you, that I must speak with you once, that you must see me as I am now."

The man who heard did not immediately reply.

The dimness was between them. The night hid the two who had been comrades, who were enemies, one from the other.

"And I have sought you," answered the outcast. "Through the desert I have looked for you. I have ridden from the mountains to the coast, from Mogador to Tripoli. Again and again I missed you. The expedition had started; the force had passed. At last my day came. Let those poor fellows who were taken with me go. They were but obeying me. I meant to get into your tent, to say to you what I have said now, and—"

"And," put in De Kheyern.

"Were we not three to one?"

"Before God," swore the Colonel. "Before God, I wish that you had come."

"We have met," answered the other.

The stars were beginning to appear, a little twinkling light came forth from the dome of purple blackness. A glimmer showed here and there through the slits in the canvas of the tents; a sentry chanted monotonously as he paced his beat.

Edmond de Kheyern stepped back. The guard was in call, but it was a few yards away. He turned his head, measured the distance.

"Walk out," he said, "past the well. You will need more room."

He drew his revolver—he held it out, loaded, with the barrel turned on himself.

The man in the Arab's robe drew back his hands.

De Kheyern neither faltered nor lowered his arm.

At length the man who had been Philippe de Frechville spoke. "No," he decided, "I will not kill you. Death would be easier for you than life, Edmond de Kheyern. You owe me what reparation I choose. I choose that you should live—that you should remember, that remorse should be your companion, that compunction should be your intimate. Swear, swear to me that, as far as you are concerned, you will live."

De Kheyern heard. His outstretched hand dropped to his side.

"I swear," he answered.

He stood erect, motionless. Like a shadow that comes and goes, the man in the Arab robes disappeared into the darkness.

But Providence was more merciful to Edmond de Kheyern than the man he had wronged. The force marched at daybreak from the well by the palm. Before evening it was surprised and its Colonel shot down as he led the charge.

He was buried the next morning; and Louis d'Aissecourt, as he looked for the last time into the face of the man whose fame was in everyone's mouth, remarked a smile on the worn face that had never been there before.

THE PERFECT MAN

THE new styles for spring wear are now settled, and many men are replenishing their wardrobes for the coming season. As usual, they are directing their attention first of all to the frock-coat, which is meeting with rather more support than usual this year, especially amongst professional and middle-aged men. This garment is certainly

the most dignified style of coat that is now worn by men, possessing smartness without ostentation and elegance without stiffness.

Its patrons include nearly every crowned head in Europe, it is worn by the majority of his Majesty's Cabinet Ministers as well as the Leaders of the Opposition, and on certain occasions many of the Labour members have been known to appear in this garment, so that a description of its latest developments should prove of interest.

The frock-coat for 1910 is made of black or dark-grey cloth of the softest possible finish; it is the exception for any pattern to be noticeable,

never joined to the collar-end in a well-made coat, there being the least possible opening between them. The point of the lapel is very neatly rounded off, and extends fully $\frac{3}{4}$ in. beyond the collar, which, for a medium-size coat, should not exceed $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. width at the end, and should have the corner just rounded away to match the end of the lapel. If our readers think these are unimportant details they make a great mistake, for it is in small matters of this sort that the really artistic features of a garment consist. The outer edge of the lapels is almost straight, and the holes run parallel to the top, whilst the silk facings come to the ends of the holes and run parallel to the edge.

The sleeve is generally finished with a seamed-on cuff about $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, and finished at the back seam with about three buttons and holes. The amount of overlap at the back varies, but most well-made garments have a step about one inch wide extending towards the right from the back seam, so that the left back shows quite two inches more than the right. The edge of this is finished to match the front; but the bottom of the skirt is always as plain as possible, so as to avoid the shortening effect of a decided line at that point.

These coats are generally worn unfastened, and in order to retain them in place, some men fasten the fronts together with links. This is the usual practice of his Majesty the King, who is very partial to a frock-coat, but objects to it flying open at the front. The new waistcoat to wear with this coat is of the double-breasted style; it is usually made of the same material, and with it is worn a white vest-slip, which is now made to fasten to the neck of the

vest with spring clips. The wing collar and sailor-knot tie are the usual neckwear, and of course a silk hat, with a rather flat and not too wide brim; a little bell-shape is given to the crown, and it is finished with a narrow cloth band. W. D. F. V.



THE EX-OFFICER OF THE GRENAДИER GUARDS WHOSE REINSTATEMENT OVER 100 M.P.s ARE PLEDGED TO TRY TO SECURE: EX-LIEUTENANT HENRY CHARLES WOODS.

The remarkable statement has been made that over 100 members of the present House of Commons have pledged themselves to endeavour to bring about the reinstatement of ex-Lieutenant Woods, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, whose resignation, it will be recalled, led to litigation and the signing of petitions by hundreds of thousands of people. It is said, indeed, that in the case of some of the members their attitude with regard to the affair meant their election or their non-election.

except on close examination, when fine twills, hopsacks, or basket patterns may often be detected; but whilst these impart style, they are not noticeable at the first glance. This is part of the general scheme of so-called invisible patterns, which play an important part in this season's fashions. The edges of these coats are mostly finished with a row of hand-stitching quite close up to the edge, but this is sometimes varied by a ribbon binding, which is very dressy—indeed, it is too much so for those gentlemen who, when they reach forty, think the most retiring type of dress the most suitable for them.

The present style of fit for a smart coat is very close-fitting at the waist, with ample room at the shoulder-blades and breast. This tends to give the figure a more shapely outline, which is also helped by the fullness in the lower part of the skirts, which are made to fall in fluty folds from the hips downwards. The waist-seam is placed a trifle higher than formerly—say, about $18\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the collar-seam for a 5-ft. 8-in. figure, the full length of the coat being 40 in. The shoulder-seams are placed high, so as to give a square effect to the figure; and the side-seams are moderately rounded and are also carried high, so as to add to the apparent height of the figure as much as possible. The side-body is kept rather narrow, and in many cases a "fish" seam is placed in the forepart, to make it fit closely at the waist and provide ample room at the breast.

The fronts are, of course, the most important part, and the new style is made to turn almost or quite down to the waist; but this should never be pressed flat or set, but finished with what is known as a soft roll. The effect at the bottom of revers should be that of a graceful roll, so that, whether it turns a little higher or lower, the effect is the same combination of easy grace and style. The top end of the lapel is arranged to run horizontally, and is



PIKE AS POLICEMAN: A FISH THAT KEEPS TROUT IN ORDER.

The Rainbow and common trout, which live in a couple of tanks in the "Zoo's" fish-house, fought one another so frequently that it was necessary to do something to prevent the constant warfare. Accordingly, a young pike, rather smaller than the trout, was placed in each tank. Immediately the trout were quiet, and there has been no fighting since the advent of the "police." The pike will be removed from the tanks as soon as they pass the policeman stage and are in danger of becoming common executioners.

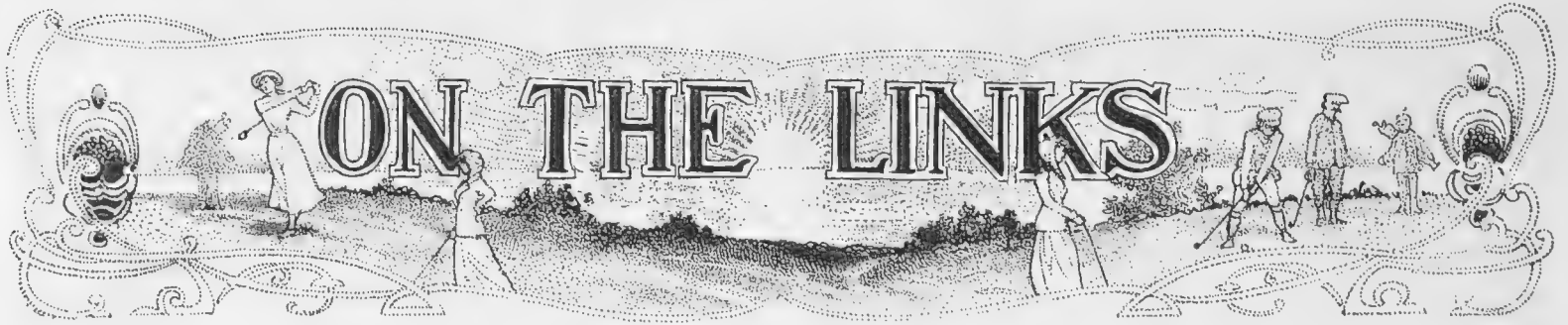
Photograph by W. S. Berridge.

third to about his fifteenth year his life was spent entirely in the country, in the little village of Shere, in Surrey. Being within easy reach of Aldershot, his love for military matters was stimulated to the extent of his seriously contemplating enlisting and working his way up from the ranks. This was prevented, and he studied art for a long time at the Slade School and Heatherley's, and attended a few night-classes at the Frank Calderon School of Animal Painting. When just eighteen, he went on the staff of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., remaining there for six years, getting experience in different parts of the country illustrating articles for their publications. He married at the age of twenty-four. His wife is an artist. His family consists of a boy and girl (twins).



ABOUT TO HAVE HIS THIRD ONE-MAN SHOW: MR. LAWSON WOOD.

A one-man show of Mr. Lawson Wood's work will begin at Walker's Gallery, Bond Street, on the 30th.—[Photograph by P. H. Hulson.]



By HENRY LEACH.

Hoylake. It happens regularly that one or two courses are more discussed than others every year, and this time it is the turn of Hoylake, where the University match will take place next month, and the Amateur Championship in June. It is a course that has strong features of its own, and it is claimed for it by many of the best judges of links that it is the finest test of golf in England. It is certainly a strong point in its favour that its holes are generally nearly as good with the wind one way as with it another. In other words, it is never spoiled as a test, while the variety is constant and most abundant. Mr. John Low thinks that the first hole is about as good as a two-shot hole can be; and it is really a fine test of strength, accuracy, and ability to deal with winds. Hoylake is not an attractive course in appearance, but it is very much better than it looks. Half of it is laid out on land that is flat and almost featureless, save for the great enclosure round which some of the holes are laid. On this flat land are the starting and finishing holes, while for the middle ones the player strikes out into hilly country. Since a championship competition was last played on the course several alterations have been made upon it, chiefly in the way of cutting new bunkers. There are few holes on famous courses that have acquired a more unenviable reputation for their difficulty and the torture that they have inflicted upon candidates for championship honours than the sixth at Hoylake, or the "Briars" as it is called, but it is now made still more difficult by the addition of two new pot-bunkers just about hole-high, and to the left of a hummock near the green.

The "Briars." In the course of different championship tournaments some most extraordinary things have happened at this Hoylake. That which will always be best remembered was the halving of the "Briars" hole, just mentioned, in nine strokes by the finalists in the amateur event the last time it was played here. Those finalists were Mr. James Robb and the late Mr. Lingen, and they had to play off the last tie on a Friday that was wet and windy, and when the course was just about as difficult as it could be. At the "Briars" the players were in trouble all the way from the tee to the green, and such was the effect upon their nerves that one, if not both, of them wound up by missing quite a short putt for an eight. Certainly no hole has ever been halved in nine strokes in the final of the championship before or since, and it would not be surprising to know that such a thing

never happened in any round, although there have been some strange occurrences at the famous seventeenth at St. Andrews, which is often said to be the most difficult hole in the world. However, when the Open Championship was played for at Hoylake two years afterwards, and the wind and weather were again very bad on the day that the first round took place, no fewer than nine players took eight strokes each at this hole, and eleven took seven. It is really only a four hole, although a very difficult one; but only two of all the competitors in that round did it in the par figure, one of those being Mr. John Graham, and the other Ben Sayers. Mr. Graham, of course, belongs to Hoylake; but it was a rather peculiar coincidence that one of the men who took nine to the hole was no other than Mr. John Ball himself. There are not many holes in the entire kingdom of golf at which this six-times winner of the championship has ever used up nine strokes.



Mr. E. S. ULYAT (OLD BLUE).



Mr. J. F. IRELAND (OLD BLUE).



Mr. R. E. WALKER (OLD BLUE).



Mr. A. G. PEARSON (OLD BLUE).



Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL (OLD BLUE).

GOLFERS WHO MAY PLAY AGAINST OXFORD IN THE INTER-VARSITY MATCH: PROMINENT CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS.

The golf match between Oxford and Cambridge is not likely to be played before the middle of April, and the teams that will represent the two Universities will not be selected long before the date of the event. Amongst other possible players, in addition to those whose portraits we give, must be mentioned Messrs. F. D. Morton, C. Marzetti, A. C. O. Cochrane, A. C. P. Medrington, R. H. Fowler, B. W. Pigg, F. M. Carlisle, and N. H. Winder.

Photographs by Sports Co.

The "Cop." But there is also another hole on this course which has terrors for aspirants to championship honours, and in this case what has happened at it is rather more surprising, as the hole is a short one, and is not really difficult, as short holes go. It is the fourth, and goes by the name of the "Cop," and the trouble arises through a little bank, from which the hole takes its name, being just in front of the tee-

ing-ground. When the wind is against the player, he naturally tries for a low ball, and in so doing often strikes the bank, when he has any amount of trouble set him. On the occasion referred to, when the Open Championship was being played for in 1907, one of the players took ten strokes to this hole, and two others had eights at it. The hole that comes just before this one is really a difficult one and is long, and so, having regard to what was happening at the others; it may not be surprising to say that at this same meeting one of the competitors took eleven to it, and another fourteen. It need hardly be mentioned that neither of these golfers won the championship—in fact, the one who did the fourteen tore up his card as soon as he had done so. Mr. John Ball has twice won the amateur championship when it has been played for at Hoylake, and the place is notable also for the fact that it was here that the veteran Mr. Charles Hutchings scored his success in the year that the rubber ball was introduced, while, when the amateur event took place there last time, another of the seniors, Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, played throughout one day without losing a single hole.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Motorists First, Aviators After.

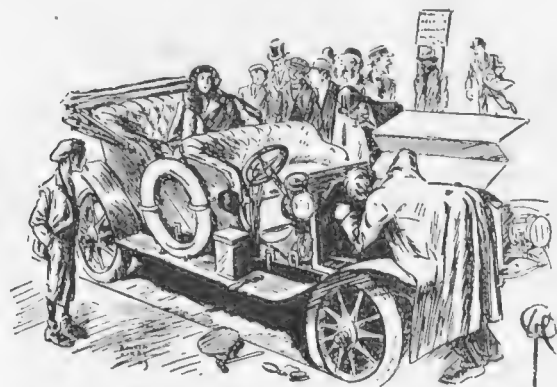
A perusal of the report to be submitted to the annual general meeting of the Royal Automobile Club to-morrow makes patent some very interesting facts with regard to this wonderfully popular and prosperous body. It is pointed out that, although ten years ago there were only a few provincial motor organisations in existence, there are to-day over one hundred such bodies associated with the Club and its work. It is, says the report, interesting to note that foremost among the pioneers of aviation are the much-maligned motorists who in the early days, when the British manufacturer was experimenting with the internal-combustion engine, bought his productions, and thus provided the sinews of war that made it possible for him to maintain his position, and slowly and surely to develop the motor trade in the United Kingdom, until it is now the foremost country in the world in this particular industry.

Wonderful Club Growth.

Some interesting figures are given with regard to the extraordinary growth of this Club, which started in 1897, with a mere handful of members, in very humble quarters—two rooms, in fact, on a ground floor in Whitehall Court. On Dec. 31, 1907, the Club possessed a membership of 3210; a year afterwards that total had increased to 4004; while on Dec. 31, 1909, the roll included no fewer than 5107 members. The total number of members and associates at the end of 1909 was 17,873. Obviously, this Club has greatly outgrown its present pleasantly situated habitat at 119, Piccadilly, and in a little more than a year the vast membership will find itself installed in the largest and most luxuriously and sumptuously appointed club house in the world. This grand house is now rapidly rising on the site of the old War Office, and in the very centre of fashionable Clubland, Pall Mall.

Sparkling-Plug Detection.

Many tyre-pressure testers have been put upon the market, one of the best being the natty little instrument vended by Messrs. Michelin and Co.; but hitherto inventors have failed us in the provision of a handy, easily manipulated apparatus which permits the testing of a sparking-plug by withdrawing it from its cylinder and, still attached to its lead, allowing it to rest upon the engine in such a way that the current can



THINGS THAT ARE NOT A JOY TO THE MOTORIST: "DURING THE BREAKDOWN, THE CROWD WONDERS WHETHER THE LADY IN YOUR CAR IS YOUR WIFE OR NOT."

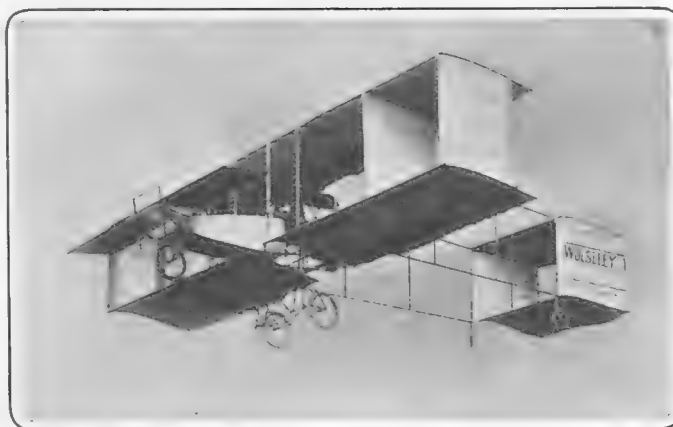
earth as usual while the sparking-points are in full view. Then, if the contact-maker is shorted, or, in the case of magneto ignition, the engine is turned round, the condition of the plug

will declare itself. Now, many plugs show excellent results under these conditions, but jib directly they are returned to the cylinder, for the reason that while they will spark freely in the open air, and the short in the plug does not obtain, the current shorts through the fault directly the spark is asked to jump the gap in compression.



THINGS THAT ARE NOT A JOY TO THE MOTORIST: "THE DEAR FRIENDS SAY GOOD-BYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET."

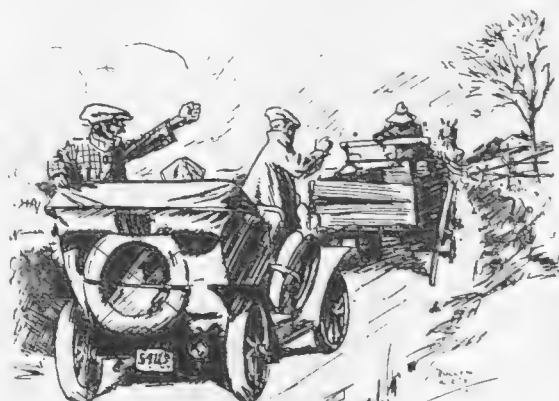
tester to a pressure equal to that of the engine compression. Means are taken to release the engine compression, and, by turning the latter, the behaviour of the sparking-plug can be noted through a glazed opening in the tester.



AN AEROPLANE WITH A BRITISH MOTOR: THE VOISIN "WOLSELEY NO. 1," FITTED WITH A 50-TO-60-H.P. WOLSELEY MOTOR.

Photograph by Rotary Photo. Co.

not without sin in this regard, tyre companies, petrol companies, and one motoring body being the chief offenders. Nine-tenths of the money spent in so destroying the beauty of the countryside is utterly wasted and thrown away. Bilious, black-lettered placards and hoardings blotting out a dale or a vista merely are no incentive to purchase; indeed, such advertisements have rather the reverse effect. So the Surrey County Council reminds their sub-authorities that they have strong powers under the Advertisements Regulation Act 1907, and motorists as a body will commend them if these powers are put into effect.



THINGS THAT ARE NOT A JOY TO THE MOTORIST: THERE IS NOTHING MORE RESTFUL THAN A FARMER ON HIS WAGON IN A NARROW ROAD."

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.



ORGANISER OF THE
ROYAL MILITARY CIRCUS
AT WOOLWICH: CAPTAIN
HULL.

The Royal Military Circus, an amateur affair, many of those taking part in which showed quite professional skill, was given by those associated with the Army Service Corps Riding School at Woolwich, in aid of the Army Service Corps Compassion Fund.

Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

is expected that the race this year will be run at a very fast pace, which may prove fatal to one or two with heavy weights to carry. The fences look very formidable, but they are well

Grand National. It costs at the very least £5 for a Londoner to see the Grand National in comfort. The first-class return railway fare amounts to £2, while £2 ros. is charged for admission to Tattersall's ring and the paddock. But the money brings good value if the day happens to be fine and it is possible to see the race from beginning to end. Here it may be noted that the race starts and finishes just in front of the stands, and it was at the very first fence, within two hundred yards of the paddock gates, that Manifesto fell the first time he was started for the Grand National. This was a terrible blow to his then owner, Mr. H. M. Dyas, who backed the horse heavily, and told me on the morning of the race that he was sure to win. Some years horses win simply on account of the accidents that take place to horses in front of them. This happened in Old Joe's year. He could not possibly have had any chance if any one of the twelve in front of him on going round the second time had stood up; but they fell or came to grief one after another, and the old horse was left to win at his leisure. In spite of it all, the time given for Old Joe's race is still a record, but how it was arrived at I, for one, could never make out. It

under both sets of rules, and it is a remarkable fact that no flat-race fixture has been arranged to take place on the Wednesday. This is a bad oversight on the part of somebody. Surely one day might have been given to one of the Metropolitan enclosures—Gatwick, Lingfield, or Hurst Park. On the Friday and Saturday racing takes place at Alexandra Park, and this meeting should prove a very big attraction. Messrs. Pratt and Co. have made several improvements to the course, including the building of a set of horse-boxes within hail of the weighing-room. People who grumble about not being able to see the races clearly at "A.P." should be reminded that by getting on top of the stands they can see everything from start to finish of every race that takes place on the track.

Sandown. A racecourse company to be successfully run has to launch out money freely. I notice that the Sandown Park people have allocated £34,600 for flat-racing



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN: CAPTAIN HULL'S JERRY
TAKES LUNCH WITH THE CLOWN.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

in 1910, and £9100 for steeplechasing, and this is to be divided over eighteen days' sport—an average of nearly £2500 per day. This takes a lot of getting, but, at a broad guess, I should say the Club fees amount to quite £30,000 per annum. True, there are takings at the other enclosures which on big days, like the August Bank Holiday and Eclipse Stakes day, run into many thousands of pounds. Further, a good profit must come from refreshments, although, as I have mentioned many times before, the Sandown people provide an excellent lunch at 2s. 6d. per head in Tattersall's Enclosure. It requires over £18,000 per annum to pay the seven per cent. dividend on the sum capital, and over £3000 to pay interest on the debentures. These figures go far to prove that a big racecourse must be ably managed to become a success. They also show what dividends the Sandown Company could pay if their capital were no larger than that employed by the majority of the racecourse companies in England. The capital of the Epsom Grand Stand Association is less than half that of Sandown, and their dividend, earned from six days' racing per year, amounts to eight per cent.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

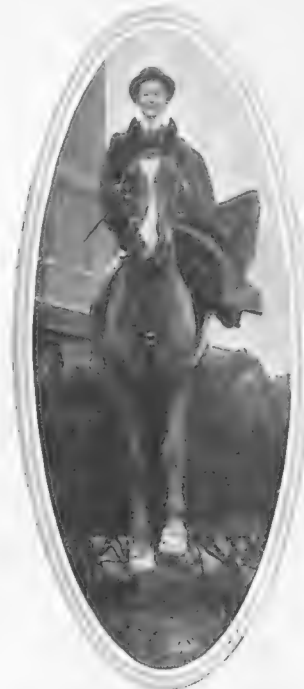


IMITATING THE PROFESSIONAL CIRCUS ARTISTE: THE MISSES SYBIL AND DOROTHY SINFIELD WITH THEIR TANDEM, BLACK BEAUTY AND BLACK BESS, AT THE ROYAL MILITARY CIRCUS, WOOLWICH.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

built up and not a bit tricky. My selection for the race will be found in another column.

Holiday Fixtures. As Easter comes so early this year, the gates at many of the meetings may not be so large as usual. All the same, there will be big crowds at many of the enclosures if the weather is at all favourable. On Easter Monday, Kempton Park is given a one-day meeting, and Londoners will be at Sunbury in their thousands to see the race for the Queen's Prize. Specific is a bit of a tip; but if Maher rides Lafayette, this horse, which is now trained by Blackwell, will go close. The chief event at Manchester will be the Lancashire Steeplechase, which will no doubt be affected by the result of the Grand National. There will be, in all, thirty-six days' racing during the Bank Holiday week,



AN EXHIBITION OF RIDING
MISS DOROTHY SINFIELD GIVING
A JUMPING DISPLAY.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Contrasts in Gaiety.

I have long been aware that in the so-called Gay City there is no gaiety at all, except that which is, so to speak, machine-made, and kept for the exclusive use of visitors. Paris is too old, too experienced, too fatigued to be light-hearted nowadays. She has seen too many horrors, has lived through too many crises, has experienced too many emotions. You may search the wide boulevards in vain for an optimistic French man or woman, and even the children look as if they bore the burden of an ancient civilisation. That is why, in their variety theatres and music-halls, the note is always forced, the smiles are sinister, the mirth is so overdone as to be almost disquieting. Small wonder that young Mr. George Grossmith has captured the Parisian public at the Folies Bergères with his air of youth, of ease, of grace, of charming indifference. Indeed, together with Miss Compton, who has long made the joy of Paris with her genuine sprightliness and her peculiar French accent, Mr. Grossmith brings a breath of London gaiety over the Channel. A celebrated song, which shall be nameless, has caught on here, and threatens to become as much an epidemic as it was in London; while the recent elections, with "posters," are the excuse for a sprightly dialogue between these two artists, which embodies everything that rends political England in twain. In France, to speak of politics is to rage, to fulminate, to foam at the mouth; and if statesmen are brought on the stage—as they frequently are—they are reproduced to the life, with grotesque accessories, and castigated in no mirthful manner. The heavy-handed Briton has, at any rate, a lighter touch in his gaiety.

A Foolish Virgin. The amazing success of M. Henri Bataille's new play at the Gymnase "gives," as they say over here, "furiously to think." Up to now the illicit love-affair has been the chief stock-in-trade of the French drama; but the lady concerned was always a wife, widow, or fair Anonyma. M. Bataille has gone to the lengths of making his Eloping Angel the unmarried eighteen-year-old daughter of a French Duke. Moreover, La Vierge Folle runs off to London with a man of forty, the husband of one of her best friends, with never a word of regret or remorse for the havoc which she is making of a woman's home and a man's brilliant career. There is no doubt that the laxity of the marriage bond has enormously increased of late, or Press and public would not applaud with such frenzy a piece which is, not to put too fine a point on it, frankly distasteful. For the girl has

the onlooker, the only possible thing which this especially Foolish Virgin can do.

The Americanisation of Paris.

Unless one goes to distant quarters of the left side of the Seine, where the boisterous gaiety of the Boulevard St. Michel can be heard through the windows of ancient Louis XV. hotels, so American has Paris become during the last decade that you might as well be in New York. I fancy the universal steam-heating of houses and hotels in the Quartier de l'Etoile does a great deal to produce this overwhelming impression. It is a heat which makes the Briton gasp for air, and recalls the mansions of Fifth Avenue and their sultry atmosphere. The cheerful log-wood fire is banished, and you move about, in these gorgeous and artistic flats and hotels, in a fictitious indoor climate which affects your brain, takes away legitimate desire for food (doubly to be regretted, since the food is unequalled in the wide world), and deprives you of the one occupation which endears to us the winter solstice—namely, sitting by the fire. The atmosphere, in short—adapted to American requirements—is something like that of an orchid-house in England.

French and English Frumps.

Alas for our illusions! I used to treasure the theory, so assiduously upheld by Frenchmen, that a woman had only to be born in Paris, of French parents, to spring, armed for conquest, so to speak, from the brain of Jove. If she made her first appearance in Paris on this terrestrial globe (even in the Batignolles), she was bound to be irresistible beyond mortal women; graceful, witty, elegant, with innate genius for lifting a petticoat, pinning on a hat, and tying a veil. But what do we actually see if we visit Paris nowadays, and cast even the most friendly eye on the feminine inhabitants? All the charms and allurements may belong to the *haut monde* and the *haut demi-monde*, but the vast, unconsidered mass of female burgesses are actually more dowdy than the London middle class. Infinite *chic* may flash past you in the limousine of a Panhard, but the women and girls in the electric trams and the underground railway are of an outward appearance not to be matched in any other capital. It is true that half the female population is sempiternally draped and shrouded in crape owing to the length of time in which mourning is worn, and the drastic social laws regarding the wearing of bombazine and veils. But apart from the mourning women, there is an indecision of outline, a leaning towards strict utilitarianism, an abnegation of the desire to please which is nothing short of amazing in a young Parisienne. The old, in the matter of dress, have always "abdicated" in France after the age of fifty-five. They wear preposterous bonnets, shawls, short, shapeless jackets, and other mysterious garments, which proclaim their intention of retiring, so to speak, from the lists. But this universal dowdiness of the middle class—which would make a London suburb stare—is something new, and somewhat disquieting, in a nation which has made a fine art of dress.



[Copyright.]

A SMART STRAW HAT TRIMMED WITH ROSES.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

THE "SELKIRK" TAILOR-MADE COSTUME
AT MESSRS. KENNETH DURWARD'S, ULSTER
HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

not a redeeming point. She is what a blunt eighteenth-century critic would have called a "baggage," what we in the twentieth century designate as *une détraquée*. When she shoots herself, we have no tremors and no pity: this desperate deed seems, to

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Modern Great-Grandmothers.

We are all accustomed to the youthful appearance and handsome looks of our twentieth-century grandmothers. A pair of handsome, dignified great-grandmothers attended the baptism of the Hon. David William Ernest Duncombe, second son of Viscount and Viscountess Helmsley. They were the Countess of Feversham, mother of three of the handsomest women in Europe—the late Duchess of Leinster, Lady Helen Vincent, and Lady Cynthia Graham—and Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury, mother of Lady Londonderry (known as “the handsome Marchioness”), of Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, and of Lady Gwendolen Little. It would be downright discourteous to write “old ladies” of these upright, fine-looking women, whose first appearance in the rôle of great-grandmother was made a few years ago. The Marchioness of Londonderry, dressed charmingly in dark-green velvet and exquisite furs, and wearing a hat finished with many feathers, took the baby from the nurse and gave it to Canon Edgar Sheppard in a way that proved her motherly. Lady Helmsley, dressed in black, and wearing a black stole bordered with ermine and a great big Abbé hat of black felt with an oxydised rosette, looked very pretty—more like her mother, as she was when I first saw her, than I have yet seen her look.

The Japanese Toddler.

There is nothing else for it, if our skirts are to be tighter and caught in at the back, but the shuffling little toddle of the dear little Japanese ladies. That we are not diminutive and not dear—save as regards our clothes—is where the trouble comes in. Our limbs are long, and we are rather inclined to stride boldly, and always walk with an independent air. What we shall feel like when we cannot quite get one foot before the other I don't know. We have been skating and rinking and giving our nether-limbs rather free play. Now, the poor things are to be swaddled in tight draperies! Well, the extremists will suffer the foolishness gladly; the moderates will submit with a bad grace; and the active and energetic section of my sex will either give the latest crank of fashion its congé, or will struggle madly to subject nature to art, with a grotesque result. After all, I imagine the fashion will be adopted with most enthusiasm by leisured Parisians and New Yorkers, who have long ceased to regard their legs as means of locomotion. They would probably describe them as automatic pedestals, and their exercise on a par with that of a mechanical doll!

For the Energetic British Woman.

There is one fashion that will never, never, never be deserted by my countrywomen. It is one in which, thanks to such a firm as that of Messrs. Kenneth Durward, British women lead the world—the true tailor-built coat and skirt. On “Woman's Ways” page a drawing will be found of a new tweed tailor-built by this firm in plaid tweed, with large pockets, and collars and cuffs of green cloth, which is known as the “Selkirk” costume. It is built on the lines of looking smart, conveying by the little hall-markings of sartorial art that it is of the mode of the moment, and yet is practical, comfortable, and business-like for spring race-meetings and chase-meetings, for golf, for touring, and for all outdoor free and healthful purposes. On the same page is a

drawing of a smart straw hat, turned up in front with a broad ribbon, and having a wreath of roses at the side.

Seamless Gloves for Slim Hands.

The newest gloves are cut with no seams up the outside of the hands. This gives a long, slim hand all its own advantage, and women like their hands to look their best. They are charming gloves, too, and easily got into. This age of ease considers such things, and women who would stand, or sit, still to have thirty-six buttons on each arm fastened by their maids don't exist now. Some gloves have no buttons at all. These are objected to on the score of the trouble of the first putting on. What smart women like best are those made for them with three or four button space for the insertion of the hand, and long arms to pull up. These must be specially made to fit well, for arms are not turned out by the gross, as gloves are. The well-dressed woman has her gloves made for her as surely as she does her shoes.



ONE OF THE TWO AUTHORS OF “TWO MERRY MONARCHS”—NOW REIGNING AT THE SAVOY: MR. ARTHUR ANDERSON.

Mr. Arthur Anderson, with Mr. George Levy is responsible for the libretto of “Two Merry Monarchs,” whose reign began at the Savoy on Thursday. He is well known as an author and lyric-writer. Other pieces with which he has been associated in that capacity are “The White Chrysanthemum” and “The Girl Behind the Counter.”—[Photo, by the Metropole Studios, Cardiff.]

Brilliant and Smart.

“Better than wealth and beauty are brilliance and smartness,” might be a modern proverb, for the truth of it is proved every day. Things of the most brilliant and the very essence of smartness are the jewelled ornaments provided by the Parisian Diamond Company. The firm is to jewellery what the great creative modistes of Paris are to dress-making. Their finger is on the pulse of fashion, and with truest telepathy they discern what will be required in ornament. Their new circular diamond-and-pearl pendants go rightly with the turbaned heads and tube-like figures of the moment. Their slides and hair-ornaments suit the turban coiffure, as do their lovely long and handsome circular earrings. It would be possible to write at length on the subject of the prescience and of the high artistic attainment of the company. It is, however, easier to appreciate what is seen than what is written, and the salons are full of novelties both brilliant and smart.

BUENOS AYRES CENTENARY EXHIBITION.

A BRITISH MASTERPIECE.

VISITORS to the Buenos Ayres Exhibition will be particularly struck with the special coach exhibited by the Metropolitan Amalgamated Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd., of Birmingham. The coach is beyond the conception of ordinary people in luxury, comfort, delicacy of taste, and excellence of finish, and is evidence that the decadence of Britain has not yet set in. This palace on wheels has at one end a magnificent observation-room decorated in Louis XVI. style, and there are also a comfortable study, three bedrooms (Adam style), bathrooms, and servants' and kitchen apartments. This splendid piece of work has been designed and carried out entirely by the Company's own staff.

The body of the coach, with its interior and exterior fittings, the underframe, pressed steel bogies and steel disc wheels—of types which are specialties of the Company—and every detail, even to the finishing varnish, were manufactured and put together by the Company. It is proper and pleasing, as so many millions of British capital are invested in Argentine railways, that the pre-eminence of Britain in railway work should be so typified. It may be added that the King has shown his interest in this notable example of British workmanship by requesting Viscount Churchill to inspect

it on his behalf. The makers have offered the coach to the President of Argentina, who has cabled his acceptance, stating that it will occupy the first place in the Presidential train.



THE PADDINGTON OF BIRMINGHAM: THE NEW APPROACH TO THE G.W.R. SNOW HILL STATION.

The Great Western Railway will shortly open their new line to Birmingham, where alterations have taken place in the approach to their Snow Hill Station, as shown in the above photograph.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 30.

THE BUYING OF FOREIGN BONDS.

BOTH these columns and our Answers to Correspondents have borne, for several years past, repeated testimony to our assurance that foreign Government bonds stand in the front rank of sound investments, and, of course, the tendency of the British capitalist to buy such securities has been a marked feature of the last half-decade. The demand does not stop. Sometimes it slackens, as when international politics assume a threatening aspect. Rarely indeed does the demand change to a supply, on the part of the public. At the present time the investor ceaselessly buys bonds, asking only for good security with little risk. The bond in which there is a good chance of advance is the Brazil 4 per cent. Conversion, issued at 87½, and obtainable in partly paid scrip at ½ premium. City of Saratoff Fives, though enjoying no Government guarantee, are well secured, and can be picked up at 95½. Argentine 5 per Cent. 1909 Internal—it is not Internal really: the title is a misleading misnomer—is perfectly good at 101, ex the March 1 coupon; while nothing better can be desired than the 4½ per Cent. bonds of Japan, either series.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"My dear! Just look at them! Whatever are they doing?"

"Bedlam broken loose and poured into the City, I should say. You don't catch me going through *that* crowd, at all events."

And the two ladies turned round and fled, at the top of dignified speed, until they were well out of sight of the Rhodesian street-market at half-past six in the evening.

Our Stroller watched them hasten away, then sauntered down towards the mob which had so startled the ladies.

It certainly was something to remember. Several hundred men were packed tightly into a struggling crowd, from the centre of which proceeded wild shouts for a dozen different kinds of shares. The babel was deafening, the pushing intolerable, the market was mad.

Our Stroller, though not unaccustomed to the jargon of The Street, was quite unable to puzzle out the various shares whose names reached him in confused clamour.

"S'prise" and "Chartered," he heard every now and again, and sometimes "Rho. Cops," "Northerns," or "Amals." But he could not even make out whether the market was good or otherwise.

"Hullo, Sir, you here?" and his broker's authorised clerk came out of the middle of the crowd like a stone from a catapult. "Can I do anything for you? I'm looking after a limit or two."

"You look tired. Come and have some tea."

The young fellow accepted with alacrity, left a couple of limits with a jobber, and took Our Stroller in to tea.

"Busy?"

"Busier than I ever supposed it possible to be," was the reply. "We shan't finish at the office until midnight, and the boss is staying to help with the accounts."

"A lot he does, I guess," laughed his client.

"Well, Sir, to tell you the truth, we would much rather he went home. Like all governors, he can't see when he's in the way, and, of course, we can't tell him. Still, he means well"—and the lad heaved a heavy sigh.

Again Our Stroller laughed. "Has the Rhodesian boom supplanted the Rubber?" he asked.

"In the number of bargains it has, far and away, Sir. Quite a lot of people are gambling in Rhodesians who did not look at Rubber."

"The Rubber boom gave people an appetite for speculation, and the sensational rises in Rhodesians drew everybody's attention."

The authorised clerk agreed, and was suddenly called away. "You will excuse me, won't you?" he said.

From the buzz of Stock Exchange conversation going on all the way round Our Stroller was able to hear odd little scraps of information, opinion, rumour.

"Overloaded bull account; shops all takers in now, but what will they be when they want Rhodesians lower, eh?"

"First we shall have a healthy reaction, with a surplus of profit-takers; then the insiders will be selling; then the bull account will have grown stale, and after various other phases we shall reach the fear of possible trouble and a *sauve qui peut*."

"Neatly summarised," cried his neighbour. "Down with the Lords—the bulls, I mean."

"Down with the whisky is more in your line——"

EXPLORING, LAND, AND MINERALS COMPANY.

This Company being among the most active participators in the Rhodesian boom, some information as to its assets and their nature may be of interest. The Company is, we believe, the largest Rhodesian land-holder, its area being something like one thousand square miles, besides eighty-two town-stands in Bulawayo, Salisbury, Umtali, and Victoria, and very extensive mineral rights. Much of the land is eminently suited for ranching, upon which many people believe a great part of Rhodesia's future will be based. Among the most important mineral interests the Company holds is that in the Shamva property, in the Abercorn district, which we dealt with last

week in writing of the Amalgamated Properties. It is especially in this connection that the shares have been active; but it has other strings to its bow, as above indicated, which in years to come should grow steadily in value. The Company is well placed, therefore, both for assets that may bring immediate profits and others which should produce even larger returns as Rhodesia's progress continues. The issued capital is 865,000 5s. shares, besides 300,000 now under option. It belongs to the Abe Bailey group.

THE CINDERELLA DEEP DEAL.

Details are now to hand of the great Cinderella Deep deal, which will mean the increase in the mining area of that property from 289 to 2092 claims, while the capital will be increased from £500,000 to £1,500,000. The purchase price of the various properties absorbed is £222,350 in cash and 409,450 shares, irrespective of the terms to be arranged with the Transvaal Government for some seventy-seven claims acquired from the Mining Leases Board. After the deal is carried through there will be £681,050 of working capital available.

Saturday, March 12, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month

A. H. T.—The position of the Company you name is unsatisfactory, but if you will go into West Coast Rubber, what can you expect? We cannot get a price.

X. Y. Z.—We think No. 1 is doing well and likely to pay a dividend this year. No. 2 is also considered a fair Industrial. The two Argentine Land concerns are likely gradually to rise in value. As to No. 5, the Company is so prosperous that it is bound to create competition, and we are almost afraid to recommend the shares. If we had to select two out of the list, we should say Nos. 1 or 2 and 4. Chaffers are a fair Mining speculative share.

A. NORTHERN SCOT.—You sisters are more likely to lose money than make it over cheap Oil shares. We would rather not advise, but Assam would be our fancy, if we were driven to it. The Mine is a pure gamble. Our inclination would be to take the profit on at least a part of the holding.

MRS. L. P.—All your Rubbers are good concerns, especially Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, and 8. We do not feel so sure of Nos. 3, 5, and 7; but they are not swindles. We think No. 7 was only fairly subscribed, and that the slight discount is due to many people being in the same fix as yourself. Hold on till the statutory meeting. Nos. 3 and 5 are, we think, some way off production.

CRUMMLEY.—We are not going to prophesy the price of the Debentures. They appear quite safe, and have an advantageous option. *If the shares keep their price* the Debentures seem about their proper price, but any rise in the shares must be reflected in the Debenture quotation.

UNIACKE.—(1) Our information as to Guinness is the opposite of yours. (2) A good concern. (3) Subject to the risks of all Rubber Companies. Yes. (4) We doubt it. The returns continue discouraging.

B. B.—If you can sell, the sooner you do it the better. How anyone can have been foolish enough to go into Wild Bolivian Rubber passes our understanding.

POT BROM.—As the markets now are, we should hold all the Kaffirs. It is likely there will be a rise in all that market. The Rubbers are both good Companies, if you like to risk holding on. Take profits of a reasonable amount in all cases as opportunity offers. Don't be too greedy.

CACCIA.—We don't say the shares are rubbish, but the price is absurd.

R. D.—The Company has 45,000 trees three years old, but cannot be a producer for the next two or three years.

SINBAD.—The rubber of this Company is very small compared with the tea—281 acres of the former to 2283 acres of the latter. "Q" is unfortunately unavailable at the moment. See this week's Notes.

WILLIAM D.—We think all Kaffirs will go better. The Rhodesian boom is still blazing; but we think you should take a profit before it is too late. The Rubber Company is a good one, and, we think, will pay good dividends if you are willing to hold; in the meanwhile they will go lower.

RHODESIA GOLD-MINING AND INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

Particulars of this new Rhodesian Company, the shares of which have just been introduced on the market at 1½, are now available. The Company, which makes its appearance under the auspices of the African and European Investment Company (Lewis and Marks group), has a capital of £300,000, in £1 shares, whereof £125,000, privately subscribed, is set aside as working capital. The Board is composed of Mr. Isaac Lewis, Mr. C. F. Rowsell (who is chairman), Mr. George Pauling, and Mr. G. R. Lewis. The Rhodesia Gold-Mining and Investment Company, Ltd., has formed the Lonely Reef Gold-Mining Company, Ltd., with a capital of £325,000, to acquire the Lonely Mine, fifty-six miles north of Bulawayo, in the Bembezi District, and is in course of forming the Sabi Company, in the Belingwe District. The Lonely is developed and producing, the ore going, roughly, an ounce to the ton, and the profits being estimated at £60,000 for the current year. The Sabi is also developed, the ore in the fourth level averaging fifteen pennyweights over sixty inches. Since the commencement of crushing in September last, 47,700 tons have yielded £65,580, an average of 27s. 4d. per ton, and the treatment of the slimes is expected to produce an additional 10s. a ton. The Company's interest in the Lonely is represented by 50,000 shares, and in the Sabi by 170,000 out of 200,000 shares.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lincoln, Memento may win the Brocklesby Stakes, and Dalnacrag the Welbeck Plate. These may go close at Liverpool: Grand National, Judas win, Wickham a place; Spring Cup, Fop; Molyneux Stakes, Glucose filly; Hylton Handicap, Icy Cup; Bridgeman Stakes, Glacier; Sefton Park Plate, Pace-Eggar filly; Liverpool Hurdle, Briery; Champion Steeplechase, Carsey; Earl of Sefton's Plate, Juliet II.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

A New Flying Man.

This country should presently boast quite a small army of practised aviators or flying-men. The last recruit to the noble and courageous host is Captain Bertram Dickson, who has acquired skill under the tutelage of the great expert Maurice Farman at Mourmelon-le-Grand. Early last month he made a most successful flight of twenty-five miles over the country in the neighbourhood of the above-named aviatory. Should Captain Dickson obtain his own aeroplane in time, he is, I am informed, a sure starter at the great Bournemouth meeting in July, when England will mass all the flying cracks she can boast. The Bournemouth meeting promises well; indeed, it is said that the fashionable Southern watering-place will put up more money in real, winnable prizes than all the much-puffed meetings of the Continent. It is one thing to put up prizes and another thing to win them.

Aeroplanes Far from Perfect.

For all the talk of progress in aviation, it is obvious that we are at present a long way from a popular and practical solution of the question. It is true that now men can fly; but, not to put too fine a point upon it, it is done at the moment by trick artists, and even then at great risk to life and limb. Before the art, the sport, or the pastime emerges from this position the aeroplane must acquire the same insensibly effected stability as a bicycle. In this regard I was much struck by certain remarks of Mr. Rankin Kennedy in a little work he has just published, entitled "Flying-Machines, Practice and Design." He says: "From the designs shown by successful aeroplane machines, it is evident that with the present system of aeroplanes there is not much hope for improvement, for they are all pretty much alike. At present the designers all follow the same general plan, distinguishing their machines from others by trifling details of construction. The biplane, with propeller and elevating control-planes in front, seems to be at this moment the best practice. Some radical improvement in the principles is necessary before any general rules and guides to the constructional arrangements can be of much value."

The New Napier Cab Engine.

Good as the 15-h.p. Napier engine, as fitted to the well-known W. and G. and other taxi-cabs, is admitted to be, this engine as now fitted to the 350 cab chassis now in course of delivery to Messrs. W. and G. Du Cros has been still further improved and simplified, in view of the fact that these cabs are for the most part put into the hands of

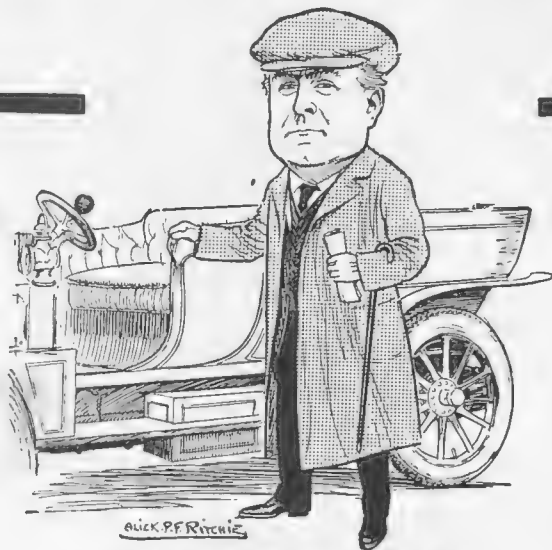
drivers who can make no claim to expert technical experience. It is essential, therefore, that, day in, day out, these engines should require no adjustment or attention. In the engine under review the Bosch magneto is set transversely across the front of the motor, and is driven by skew-gear off the cam-shaft, the magneto drive being provided with a ball thrust. Thus the working face of the magneto is markedly accessible, and the coupling is so arranged that any required firing point can be readily obtained. In addition to the usual forced lubrication to the three crank-shaft bearings, which are white-metal-lined, oil is sprayed directly to the meshing of the magneto driving-gear and the distribution gear. Thermo-siphon cooling is also employed.

Engine Advance!

It is admitted that rumour hath ever a lying tongue, but now and then and here and there a scintilla of truth attends report. So in the coming year it may be even at Olympia, come November next, we may find the poppet-valve engine here and there deserted for sleeve-valve or valveless engines. In the internal combustion engine as designed for automobile and aeroplane propulsion, the poppet-valve engine cannot be the last word in design. Looked at dispassionately, and disregarding its present astounding efficiency, it is almost as *brutal*—I quote Levassor—as the gear-box. The wonderful success of the Knight-Daimler has turned public thought in that direction, and a public demand for improvement, real or fancied, is rapidly crystallising. The unspoken demand is in the air; it is already felt, for either in the drawing-office, the works, or in the testing branch, nearly every maker of repute is at the moment concerned with some new type of valveless or sleeve-valve engine.

Something Nearer Perfection Yet.

Perfect as their productions are admitted to be, the home and foreign industry cannot permit the Daimler, Minerva, and Panhard Companies to have the field to themselves in this connection. Whether they infringe the Knight patents or not, the details of many highly ingenious and apparently practical sleeve-valve engines have been published. It is only when these conceptions reach fruition and begin to compete in the market with the existing type that we shall hear of the question of infringement. Further, the inventive genius of the world is more than busy with two, and even one, stroke motors, so that, when it least expects it, the world may be astonished by the sudden appearance of something even nearer perfection than anything we possess at the present moment. There is undoubtedly a wide field open to the inventor in the improvement of the two-cycle engine, and it is in this direction that I think we may look for the next great departure.



FRIENDS OF OURS.

No. 1.—THE ACTUARY.

Has reputation of being a hard man, unsympathetic and lacking in imagination. Quite impervious to the appeal of sentiment. Deals only in facts and figures—weighs them out with a druggist's accuracy, and grudges even the turn of the scale. Grinds out judgment—slowly—but exceeding small. Too critical to be ever really popular, but we get on all right with him. Probably this is because he always has something pleasant to say about

THE GOODRICH AVERAGE,
AND USES

Goodrich Tyres

Write for New Booklet, "Ask the Road."
THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., LTD., 7, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE B.S.A.

15-20 h.p. Touring Car

With Torpedo Body.

First—foremost—to-day—in the years to come—B.S.A. represents, and will continue to represent, the highest attainable standard of perfection in design, material and workmanship.

The B.S.A. 15-20 h.p. Touring Car with Torpedo Body possesses all the refinements essential to the best British-built Car; has the most flexible engine—is fast on hills—light on tyres, and economical on petrol.



Catalogue, with List of Agents, sent post free on request.

The BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LIMITED,

Contractors to H.M. Govt., the War Office, The India Office, Post Office and Colonial and Foreign Govts.

No. 5, Sparkbrook, BIRMINGHAM.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page 302

CONTENTS.

SUPPLEMENT: "Valse des Fleurs"—"The Balkan Princess," at the Prince of Wales's—"The Fighting Chance," at the Lyceum—Miss Margery Maude—Princess Victoria.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Countess Tarnowska	297	Lady Evans	306	A Goat-Mobile	312
Motley Notes	298	Sport, Indoor and Open-Air	307	Post Office Work Extraordinary	312
The Trial of the Enchantress	299	Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers	308	* * *	313
Is the British Golfer a Sportsman?	300	Miss Kato	308	Keynotes	314
Mlle. Polaire	301	Mrs. W. C. Hadoke	308	Miss Irene Valerie Hyman	314
The Clubman	303	Lady Dorothy Wood	308	Miss Margery Bitter	314
The Fascination of Creepiness	303	Hon. Monica Grenfell	308	Mlle. Maud Thecla	314
Every Girl Her Own Visiting-Card	303	The Prince of Monaco	308	"Tec" Tactics	315
Cuff Comments	304	Miss Ralli	308	The Literary Lounger	316
The Auræ of the Drama	305	Mr. W. C. Hadoke	308	Marcelin Paccard	316
Small Talk	306	Mr. Granville Barker	309	The Last to Practise a Strange Rite	316
Mrs. Rufus Isaacs	306	The Stage from the Stalls	310	A Bolt from the Blue	317
Viscount Wolmer	306	Mr. Alfred Butt	310	A Novel in a Nutshell: "The Eve of a	
Lady Duff Gordon	306	"La Befla"	310	Long Day"	318, 320
Hon. Grace Ridley	306	The Cosy Girls	311	Woe! Woe! and Utterable Woe!	319
Sir Samuel Evans	306	Growls	312	The Perfect Man	321
				Ex-Lieutenant Henry Charles Woods	321
				Pike as a Policeman	321
				Mr. Lawson Wood	321
				On the Links	322
				Prominent Cambridge Golfers	322
				The Wheel and the Wing	323
				Things That Are Not a Joy to the Motorist	323
				Cracks of the Whip—Captain Hull	324
				Imitating the Professional Circus Artists	324
				For the Benefit of the Children	324
				An Exhibition of Riding	324
				Woman's Ways	325
				The Woman-About-Town	326
				City Notes	327
				The Wheel and the Wing (continued)	328
				Concerning New Novels	xii

BEFORE DECIDING
WHERE TO SPEND

EASTER

consult A.B.C. Programme of
Excursions by

Great Central

ROUTE
FROM MARYLEBONE TO THE
MIDLANDS,
YORKSHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
N.E. & N.W. COASTS

Copies Free at Marylebone Station,
G.C. Town Offices and Agencies, or by
post from Publicity Dept., 216, Marylebone
Road, N.W.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

IF YOU SHAVE

Even the best razor drags on the
hair, disturbs the surface skin and
makes it tender. To prevent this
and to keep the skin strong and
supple, use

IGILMA FLUOR CREAM.

Applied overnight it makes the
morning shave surprisingly easy,
and after shaving it strengthens and
stimulates the skin. Absolutely
greaseless—does not stain linen.
Price 1s. per pot, everywhere.

IGILMA SHAVING CREAM
contains the same virtues and is
most soothing to sensitive skins.
1s. 3d. per large pot.

Free Samples of above sent on receipt
of 2d. stamps for postage and packing.

IGILMA COMPANY, Ltd.
(DEPT. 22)
14a Rossmore Avenue, London, E.C.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL PARIS

BEGS TO INFORM the
Travelling Public that it
has in no way been affected by
the recent floods, and that it
offers to its guests the usual
accommodation together with
every luxury and comfort.

A. LOTTI,
Director.

Booklet and Tariff from Dorland Agency,
3, Regent Street, London, S.W.

EST. 20 YEARS. 10 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

ORIGINATOR & ONLY MAKER
OF THE "H.H." IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"

21/ RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold for 2 & 3 guineas.)
INDISPENSABLE FOR TOWN, COUNTRY, & ABROAD.

Split Fall or Fly Front
Lace or Button Knees
Cut as Hunting
Breeches, very clean
at knees. BEST
FITTING & VALUE
BREECHES MADE.

For Riding, Shooting,
Walking, Golfing,
Fishing, Motoring, &c
In Riding & Bedford
Cords, Real Harris &
Scotch Tweeds,
Shepherds' Checks,
"H.H." Garbettes &
BUBBERYS
GABARDINE.
(Thorn, Rainproofed,
& Washable.)



Actual
photo.

LEGGINGS from 12s 6 pr.

Sole MAKER of the "H.H."
'RAYNREZYSTA' 30/
(Exact Style as Sold at 63/-)
A STORMPROOF LINED SLIPCOVER
FOR ALL OUTDOOR PURSUITS.
In RAIN or SHINE.
MODEL COAT, Car, Paid U.K., 30/-
Bankers or Trade References.
36 to 42 in. chest over jacket.
Also Models at 35/-, 42/-, & 50/-
OFFICERS & CIVILIANS ABROAD
AMERICANS & COLONIALS
SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.
SUITS AND OVERCOATS from 50/-
Perfect Fit Guaranteed (from Self-measurement Form.)

PATTERNS POST FREE.
205, OXFORD ST., W. (near Oxford Circus.)
21-31, ELDON ST., Liverpool St., E.C.
VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to leave record
measures for future use, or can order & fit same day.

STAMMERING

PERMANENTLY CURED.

Booklet of Particulars and Testimonials from
Mr. A. C. SCHNELLE,
119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

The Illustrated London News,

MARCH 19.

ORIGINS OF THE STAGE: A PLAY AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

WELSH WATER FOR LIVERPOOL: THE EXTENSION OF VYRNWY WATERWORKS.

AND MANY OTHER SUBJECTS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.
EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

French Corsets in every type,
style, and material kept in stock

The London Corset Co

28 NEW BOND ST
W.

THE WEAR OF ALL CORSETS GUARANTEED.



CORSET LAVABLE.

This is simply an ideal Corset for Evening and Colonial wear. The texture is Broderie Anglaise, so cut that all the appearance of a small waist is achieved without any pressure whatsoever; and, above all, it is specially constructed for the laundry.

35/-, including Suspenders.



Striped coutille is the material of this Corset. It is so constructed that the top of the Corset takes the place of a bust-bodice, giving the most graceful effect.

All discomfort of its extreme length is obviated by an elastic gusset. It is peculiarly adapted for the wearer of Princess dresses.

£2 12 6

Sent on approval, upon receipt of satisfactory references.



Incorporated
A.D.
1720.

Governor.
SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,
K.C.M.G.

No Company offers better Security or is more favourably known
for liberality in the treatment of its Policyholders than the

Royal Exchange ASSURANCE.

TRUSTEESHIPS AND EXECUTORSHIPS UNDERTAKEN.

Policies issued FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS, MOTOR-CAR, at lowest
to cover loss PLATE GLASS, BURGLARY, FIDELITY GUARANTEES, possible
incidental to EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, premiums.

SPECIAL TERMS GRANTED TO ANNUITANTS WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.

For full information apply to the Secretary at the Head Office, ROYAL EXCHANGE,
LONDON, E.C. West End Branch: 44, Pall Mall, S.W.

RINGS OF BEAUTY

MADE BY

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,



Show great originality of design combined with taste; they demonstrate the possibility of securing the most exclusive and beautiful work at strictly moderate prices for Cash, or on "The Times" System of MONTHLY PAYMENTS. They stand pre-eminently above all others in the essentials of quality and value, and the range of prices and variety of Gems are immense.

Fully Illustrated and Priced Books, No. 1 of Rings from £1, Watches, Jewels, &c. No. 2, of Clocks, Plate, Cutlery, Dressing Cases, Pretty yet Inexpensive Silver articles for presents, &c., will be sent post free, or a selection will be sent to intending buyers at our Risk and Expense.

J.W. BENSON, Ltd., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
25, OLD BOND ST., W., AND 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.



FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.

The
Adjustable
'Fit-the-Back'
Rest.

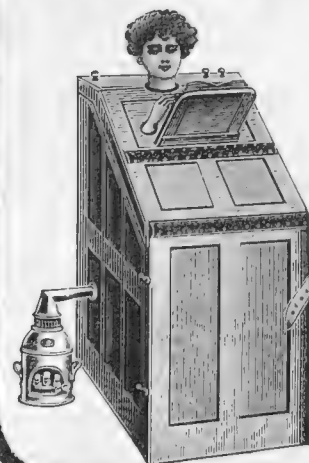
The occupant can instantly adjust the seat, back, and leg rest. A turn of the wrist does it. Will rock or remain rigid as desired. The Leg Rest when detached forms an independent footstool. The Adjustable Fit-the-Back Rest gives just the required amount of support to the small of the back when sitting, reclining, or lying down. Head Rest is adjustable.

An ideal chair for reading, resting, smoking, or study.

Adjustable Chairs and Couches of every description. Catalogue C 13, Free.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. C 13), 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

FOOT'S PATENT FOLDING BATH CABINET



All the delights and benefits of hot-air, vapour, medicated, and perfumed baths can now be enjoyed privately at home with assured safety and comfort. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

AN IDEAL HEALTH- GIVING LUXURY.

It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the circulation of the blood, and vitalises the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

Dr. Gordon Stables says:—
"FOOT'S is the BEST THERMAL CABINET."

Prices from 35/-

"Bath Book," B. 13, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON LTD.

Dept. B. 13,

71, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST TOILET GIFT.

One Man Gives away 1,000,000 Presents—One for Every Man and Woman.

Send for Your Gift To-day, and early this year your hair will be thicker, longer, and more beautiful than it is now.

Here is a unique opportunity of securing a triple Toilet Outfit, Free of Charge. It consists of three parts. Each of these three component parts of the Outfit possesses valuable merits of its own, but their full perfection is only realised when they are united in one Hair-Growing and Beautifying Course, the full materials and directions for which are contained in this Present from Mr. Edwards to you.

To put it briefly, this Hair-Cultural Outfit consists of the following:

1. A Bottle of the everywhere-famous tonic hair-dressing and grower, Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A Packet of deliciously perfumed "Cremex" Powder, for Shampooing the Hair at Home.
3. A copy of Mr. Edwards' "Book of the Hair," including the full rules and directions for growing beautiful hair by the world-famous "Harlene Hair Drill" method.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR DRILL."

At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced "Harlene Hair Drill."

Under "Harlene Hair Drill" action the hair you possess will take on a lovely lustre, which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least. This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair Drill" is doing your hair good.

Hair that has become dull and faded will renew the bright richness of its colouring, and renew it permanently. The original colour, too, will begin to steal back to the hair that has become white or grey.

Say your hair is falling out. Maybe, after you brush your hair in the morning or evening, you find hairs entangled in the bristles of your brush and the teeth of your comb.

Or on rising in the morning you find fallen hair upon your pillow.

If you allow this "falling" to continue, it will certainly grow worse and worse as time goes on, and will probably end in partial or complete Baldness.

But "Harlene Hair Drill" will stop this.

Perhaps your hair is thin in places, although not actually falling out as far as you can see.

Its growth is scanty, and the hair itself seems to lack stamina and life.

WHAT TO DO FOR SCURF.

"Harlene Hair Drill" has a wonderful effect upon such hair as this.



This is the latest gift offer of Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the world-famous "Harlene Hair Drill." To-day he supplements his gift with a packet of his wonderful "Cremex" Scalp and Hair Shampoo Powder. All who merely fill up and post to the Harlene Co.'s address the following Coupon will receive a free gift package containing the above-mentioned articles.

It has the same effect upon the hair as bright sunshine and rich soil have upon the plant. Then there is the question of Scurf. Scurf is a Hair Destroyer; one of the deadliest of hair enemies. Scurf chokes the hair, rots the hair, discolours the hair, kills it, and causes it to fall out. But "Harlene Hair Drill" (for two minutes daily), assisted by the "Cremex" Home Shampoo (once or twice a week), completely eliminates Scurf.

Follow Mr. Edwards' advice to you, and all Scurf and Dandruff will completely disappear, never to return so long as the "Hair Drill" rules are kept up—so long as you practise the Harlene Culture Rules. And with the Scurf and Dandruff all Irritation of the Scalp will disappear as well; will vanish as if it had never been. Your scalp will always feel cool and pleasant, with no burning or itching sensation to cause you the slightest annoyance.

In case you wish further supplies of "Harlene" and "Cremex," you can obtain the former in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and the latter at 1s. for box of six packages, from all the leading chemists, grocers, and stores in the United Kingdom, or direct (by sending P.O.) from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But let everyone else, old or young, fill up the coupon below, cut it out, and send it with three penny stamps (to pay the postage of parcel) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and in return you will receive one of Mr. Edwards' splendid Presents, containing everything you require for growing and preserving beautiful hair and keeping yourself as young in looks as you are in heart.

GIFT COUPON.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE Co.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sir,—I would like one of your 1,000,000 Gift Packages, containing instructions and materials for developing the growth and beauty of my hair. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of package to any part of the world.

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

"The Sketch," Mar. 16, 1910.



L724.—Gentlemen's 22-in. Solid Leather Fitted Suit Case, complete with plain Solid Silver Brushes and Toilet Requisites, £12 10 0
Ditto in Crocodile Leather, £17 17 0



Lady's 18-in. Morocco Leather Travelling Case, lined rich Silk, and containing complete set of chased Sterling Silver and Cut Glass Requisites, £17 17 0. Selvyt Cloth Cover, £1 7 6.

220, REGENT STREET, W.
158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, City.
(Opposite the Mansion House.)

PARIS: 1, RUE DE LA PAIX.

SHEFFIELD. NICE. BIARRITZ. JOHANNESBURG. BUENOS AIRES. MANCHESTER.

"Chesky"

THE
FRANCO-SCOTTISH
"CORDIALE"

French
Cherries



Scotch
Whisky.

Fremy fils
Cherry Whisky

COLLARS that wear well

are those made of good materials. It is not enough for a collar to be all linen; it must be made of good, heavy linen if its edges are not to fray after a few washings. We use linen woven in our own factory at Banbridge;—strong, tough, and almost untearable.

Collars in all the latest shapes—our own make.

From **4/11** a dozen.

May we send you our Illustrated
Price List of Collars and
Shirts post free?

Coloured Shirts to order.
Patterns free.

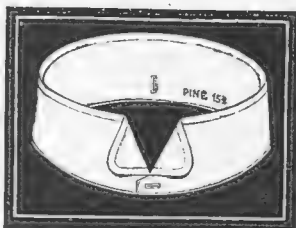
Robinson & Cleaver,
Ltd.

40, G, Donegall Place,

BELFAST.

LONDON

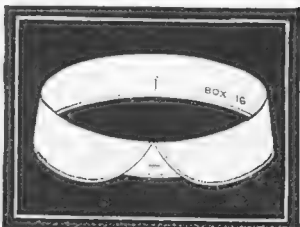
LIVERPOOL



"PINE," 2, 2½, or 2¾ inches deep.

In "Castle" quality, 4/11 doz.

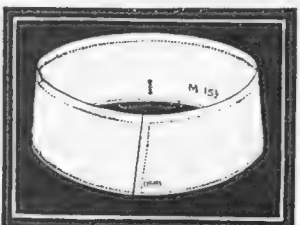
In "Royal" quality, 6/11 doz.



"BOX," 2-inch back.

In "Castle" quality, 5/11 doz.

In "Royal" quality, 7/11 doz.



"M," 2, 2½, 2¾, or 2¾ inches deep.

In "Castle" quality, 4/11 doz.

In "Royal" quality, 6/11 doz.

FOR WOMEN OF QUALITY- LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

The soft permanent finish of both white and indelible-coloured Lissue Handkerchiefs is secured through special chemical process in weaving, and will withstand any amount of laundering. It retains its delightful feel and appearance until worn out. Of cobweb daintiness.

6½d. each at all high-class drapers. If your Draper hasn't Lissue Handkerchiefs, send his address to "Lissue," 132, Cheapside, London, Proprietors, Tootal, Broadhurst Lee, Co., Ltd., and they will see that you are supplied at once.



OUR GUARANTEE

Every Coloured Lissue Handkerchief is guaranteed indelible colours, superior quality, and permanent finish. If found otherwise, you can obtain free replacement or your money back in full. Warning: Every genuine "Lissue" bears "Lissue" Label.



PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS FOR MEN OF TASTE

ORIGINATORS & SOLE MAKERS

SPLIT-FALL
OR
FLY FRONT.

21/-

BUTTON
OR LACED
KNEES.

SEMI-RIDING KNICKERS

Cut on the same lines as **Riding Breeches**—full on the Thigh—free from drag—very clean at the knee—they will be found specially suitable for **Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Riding, &c.**

MATERIALS—Real Harris and Lewis Tweeds, Cottage Mayo and Irish Homespun, Donegal and Kenmare Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, &c., &c.

FOR COLONIAL WEAR—We recommend our celebrated **Triple-Yarn-Proofed washing Garbette**: guaranteed thoroughly thorn-resisting and waterproofed.

A PERFECT FIT guaranteed by using our Simple Self-Measurement Form.

100 PATTERNS POST FREE on application.

"Your Semi-riding Knickers are indeed excellent and I have no intention of going elsewhere for my Breeches in future."
D.W.R. (Capt.)"

REID BROS.

Sporting Tailors and Breeches Makers.

NORFOLK HOUSE, 209, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "Tristan, London." Telephone: 8306 Gerrard.

From a Photograph.
Legging makers of every description.

THORNE'S HIGH CLASS WHISKY

R. THORNE & SONS LTD
MALT WHISKY DISTILLERS

STRATHSPEY
GREENOCK, LONDON

TOBRALCO

"A LITTLE STARCH-WATER MAKES IT AS NEW."

Wash Dresses Blouses and Children's Frocks Laundered at Home Easily.

Tobralco is a revelation in Wash Dress Goods. Dainty White. Also Ecru and Black in marvellously beautiful silky and delicate patterns. Easily made up. Only 9¹/₂d. per yard, 27-28 ins. wide. Name stamped on selvage.



TOBRALCO
PAPER PATTERNS
FREE

Free Tobralco Paper Pattern Coupon

With every purchase of Tobralco at the Draper's, you get a coupon good for a paper pattern. Or send 6d. for pattern to "Tobralco."

Free Tobralco Album of Fashions

at all drapers who sell Tobralco. If your draper cannot supply you, send us his address and we will send you a Fashion Album and Patterns of Tobralco post free.

Address: "Tobralco," 13a Cheapside, London, E.C. Tootal Broad, first Lee Co., Ld., Proprietors.

THE ECONOMICAL DRESS FABRIC.
ON SALE AT ALL DRAPERS—OVER 200 PATTERNS.
BE SURE TO LOOK FOR "TOBRALCO" ON EVERY PIECE.


Is it a BROOKS

When you buy your next new bicycle, look at the

SADDLE

and ask that question—do more—if another make is fitted, insist on its replacement, for no bicycle can yield you perfect service unless the saddle bears that name. The BROOKS BOOK illustrates upwards of 50 models, and is full of interesting information. Let us send you copy.

J. B. BROOKS & CO., Ltd.,
Dept. B 10,
The Saddle Specialists.
BIRMINGHAM.




By Royal Warrant.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

LTD.



By Royal Warrant.

The Public supplied direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices.

QUALITY.

Household Furnishings in
REGENT PLATE,
the Finest Substitute
in the World
for
Solid Silver.

BREAKFAST DISHES
CANDELABRA
CANDLESTICKS
COFFEE POTS
CRUET FRAMES
DISH COVERS
ENTRÉE DISHES
SAUCE BOATS
SPOONS AND FORKS
TEA AND COFFEE
SERVICES
TRAYS

Suitable for
WEDDING PRESENTS.



VALUE.

Table Requisites in
SOLID SILVER.
The Finest Stocks
in Europe
to
select from.

BISCUIT BOXES
CAFÉ AU LAIT SETS
CAKE BASKETS
CANDLESTICKS
COFFEE POTS
CREAM Ewers
DESSERT KNIVES AND FORKS
FISH KNIVES AND FORKS
FRUIT BASKETS
MENU HOLDERS
TEA AND COFFEE
SERVICES
WAITERS

Suitable for
WEDDING PRESENTS.

SELECTIONS
ON APPROVAL
CARRIAGE PAID

12 PAIRS SOLID SILVER FISH KNIVES AND FORKS, ONE PAIR FISH CARVERS,
BEST AFRICAN IVORY HANDLES, IN POLISHED OAK CASE ... £12 0 0

12 PAIRS REGENT PLATE FISH KNIVES AND FORKS, ONE PAIR FISH CARVERS,
BEST AFRICAN IVORY HANDLES, IN POLISHED OAK CASE ... £5 0 0

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



*Bibendum's Tyre Lectures,
No. 3.*

Therefore, gentlemen, the ideal arrangement

is three Non-Skids and one Square Tread fitted as has already been indicated; that is to say—

A Non-Skid on the left front wheel, a Square Tread on the right front wheel, and a pair of Non-Skids on the back wheels.

With this combination you can take the greasiest roads with the assurance that your car will suffer none of those heavy strains which so often result from side-slip.

Our steel-studded, leather-protected Non-Skids are distinctive, not only for their durability and efficiency, but also for their resiliency. They are just as resilient as ordinary tyres, and, by virtue of their construction, are hardly more liable to overheating.

MICHELIN

42-53, SUSSEX PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, S.W

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.

JOHN POUND & Co

Actual Makers



Lady's CROCODILE Dressing Case, ROSE border,
SOLID SILVER Fittings, size 20 by 14 by 7. £39 18 0

DRESSING
CASES
*Specially
Designed*
to carry
CUSTOMERS'
OWN
FITTINGS.



Gentleman's ROLLED HIDE Dressing Case,
SILVER and EBONY fittings, size 24 by 16 by 8. £12 12 0

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

211, Regent St., W.

243, Brompton Rd., S.W.

67, Piccadilly, W.

81-82-83-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

TELEGRAMS:
"POUND, LONDON."

TELEPHONE:
AVENUE 4278.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS OF "CYCLAX" Remedies.

THE BYSTANDER says:

"Confident of the curative value of their preparations, the proprietors have pursued a course of letting these stand on their own merits—the whole basis of the Treatment is founded on scientific knowledge. It is the aspiration of the 'Cyclax' Company that they shall hand down to posterity women famed for youthful, natural beauty."

COUNTRY LIFE says:

"Nothing will give health better than the famous 'Cyclax' Remedies which have now stood the test of twenty years' trial and have proved successful all the world over. The wonderful preparations of the 'Cyclax' Company are indeed a boon and a blessing to women. The best proof of the efficacy of the 'Cyclax' Treatment is its wide-spread popularity."

THE GENTLEWOMAN says:

"So much can be done for the complexion if only the right methods be employed. After a long and personal experience of the 'Cyclax' preparations and their achievement, I can assure my readers of their unfailing efficacy."

HEARTH AND HOME says:

"A face treated in this manner is bound to keep young, fresh, and beautiful. The preparations are those known to the most lovely women in Society under the name of 'Cyclax'. While the company are very careful never to disclose the names of their clients, they are daily receiving letters bearing testimony to the great value of the 'Cyclax' preparations for the development and maintenance of beauty."

THE LADY says:

"Much can be done by hygienic methods and the use of cleansing creams and lotions. The Lady Specialist who invented the 'Cyclax' Remedies warns her clients against the use of 'make-up' preparations. The 'Cyclax' Remedies, which are used in all Treatments carried out by this authority, cleanse and purify the pores, exciting them to healthy action and thus giving new life to the whole organism of the skin."

THE LADIES' FIELD says:

"It was a fortunate day for Albion's daughters when the famous Beauty Specialist who held the key to the 'Cyclax' Remedies gave her secrets to the general public. These can be obtained at quite reasonable prices, preparations that are worth their weight in gold to the plain woman who would be pretty."

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL says:

"Great care and attention must always be paid to the complexion; united to this care must be the intelligent use of perfectly harmless and hygienic toilet preparations such as are prepared by known and tried Specialists. Such a lady is the originator and inventor of the 'Cyclax' Preparations, which by the particular virtues which they possess, will restore freshness and brightness to the complexion, remove sallowness, and impart clearness and smoothness to the skin."

WOMAN'S GUIDING STAR.

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Unique preparation—produces lovely velvety surface of the skin. Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes the Skin as water does the plant. Price 7/6 & 4/-.
"CYCLAX" COMPLEXION MILK.—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines and closes up open pores. Reduces relaxation of the muscles. 7/6 & 4/-.
"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.—The keynote of the proper treatment of the skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, etc. Price 10/6 and 5/6.
"CYCLAX" BRACEINE.—Magnificent tonic; keeps the skin in perfect health, rejuvenates the muscles, strengthens the tissues and stimulates the action of the skin. 7/6 and 4/-.
"CYCLAX" SKIN SOAP.—Contains ingredients which whiten and beautify the skin. Thoroughly medicated and absolutely pure. Emollient as washing in milk. Price 3/6 per Tablet.
"CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP.—For the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. Removes flabbiness under the Chin. Price 6/6.
"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.—Is to be used with the "Cyclax" Chin-Strap, and will restore the contour of the Face. Price 7/6.
"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION.—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for daily use as a protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price 8/6 and 4/6.
"CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION.—Most perfect protective Lotion. Imparts lovely transparent whiteness and firmness to the skin. Produces a beautiful surface. Price 6/6 and 3/6.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY,

58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

(Trade Mark Registered.)

LADY'S REALM says:

"The 'Cyclax' Remedies have stood the test of years, and the reputation of these marvellous preparations constantly increases. All the most conspicuous beauties of the day owe to the great benefit they derive from these Preparations. This success has been attributable to the most legitimate means."

MADAME says:

"Not only are the 'Cyclax' remedies and Preparations a household word amongst women who care for their appearance, but the clever Specialist, whose advice is such an invaluable factor of the treatment, is a lady of such talent and experience in this direction that there are very few beautiful women who have not been numbered amongst her clients."

THE NEW YORK HERALD says:

"These universally famous Remedies are now within the reach of every woman who values her good looks and longs to retain them. Use a few of the delicious 'Cyclax' Preparations and health and beauty are yours."

THE ONLOOKER says:

"By constant use of the 'Cyclax' Remedies it is perfectly possible to make the face permanently beautiful and well-high perfect in form. All this is purely the result of natural, common-sense treatment. With the aid of 'Cyclax' Remedies it is hardly ever 'too late to mend.'"

THE QUEEN says:

"Good preparations and good advice will tell, and everything that is sent out from this establishment is pure and excellent. The *Chin-Strap*, extensive as it is in England, is scattered all over the world. What a number of happy people have left this Specialist's skilled hands cured of acne, eczema, and all sorts of skin troubles!"

THE SKETCH says:

"Many ladies use 'Cyclax' preparations, which give a new transparency to the skin—quite an exclusive 'Cyclax' complexion. This result is obtained not by quack methods, but by honest straightforward attention to true hygienic and dermatological principles. The 'Cyclax' Remedies repair the ravages of wind and weather, and they make good the things denied by Nature."

THE TATLER says:

"Let me suggest to all women that they should have a course of Treatment. No matter how beautiful a woman's complexion may be—it requires the same care and nourishment as one that is lacking in charm."

The valuable Book, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," will be sent free if this paper be mentioned.

All parcels sent post free in the United Kingdom. Remittance must accompany every order.

Vallora Cigarettes

Blended with Old Noted Dubecs.
The Gnostics' 'long-sought' ideals
From 6/6 to 9/6 per 100.

SAMPLE Boxes—

5 extra fine, 6d.
6 extra 6d.

Obtainable of all high-class purveyors, or
VALLORA & CO., Ltd.,
170, Piccadilly, W.

MARIANI WINE

The BEST TONIC
RESTORATIVE
for all cases of
MENTAL & PHYSICAL
BREAKDOWN.

Recommended by 8,500 physicians
for exhaustion, want of
energy and general debility.

Trial Bottle, post free, 4/-, from
WILCOX, 49, Haymarket, S.W.



Beauty—Refinement—Elegance—
distinguish every pair of Dollond's

'FAIRY' INVISIBLE EYEGLASSES

"FAIRY" Eyeglasses, though so exquisitely light and comfortable, may be relied upon to retain their correct position without readjustment. They enhance the expression and preserve the lustre and beauty of the eyes.

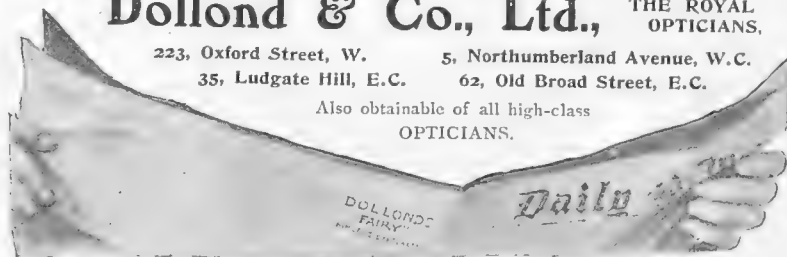
Send for 'FAIRY' Booklet and Particulars.
Test 'FAIRY' Eyeglasses One Week Free.

The 'FAIRY' Patent Method of Adjustment surpasses all others, making the 'FAIRY' the only rimless glasses that give absolute satisfaction. The registered name 'FAIRY' is stamped under the bridge. REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS.

Dollond & Co., Ltd., THE ROYAL OPTICIANS.

223, Oxford Street, W. 5, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 62, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Also obtainable of all high-class
OPTICIANS.



NATURAL

CARLSBAD

SPRUDEL-SALT

SALT

IS THE ONLY GENUINE CARLSBAD

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS & FALSIFICATIONS.

See That The Wrapper Bears The Signature Of The Sole Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON, LIVERPOOL & BRISTOL.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & DRUG STORES.

"PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL" SPRING TONIC

to take is the dainty tonic, pick-me-up, and certain cure for Anæmia, IRON 'JELLOIDS'. An avalanche of testimony from Physicians, the Medical Press, and the Public. A delightful restorative suitable for all, thoroughly reliable and genuine. Write for FREE SAMPLE, and Treatise on "Anæmia," by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, to—
THE 'JELLOID' Co. (Dept. 3 P.D.),
76, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.



By Royal Warrant
to H.M. the King.

HEERING'S (COPENHAGEN) CHERRY BRANDY

Purveyors to the
Royal Danish &
Imperial Russian
Courts.

Hinde's

A Post-card brings free Samples.
Hinde's, Ltd., 1, City Rd., London.

Real Hair Savers.



Bright? I should say so! SPARKLA's been at work on this!

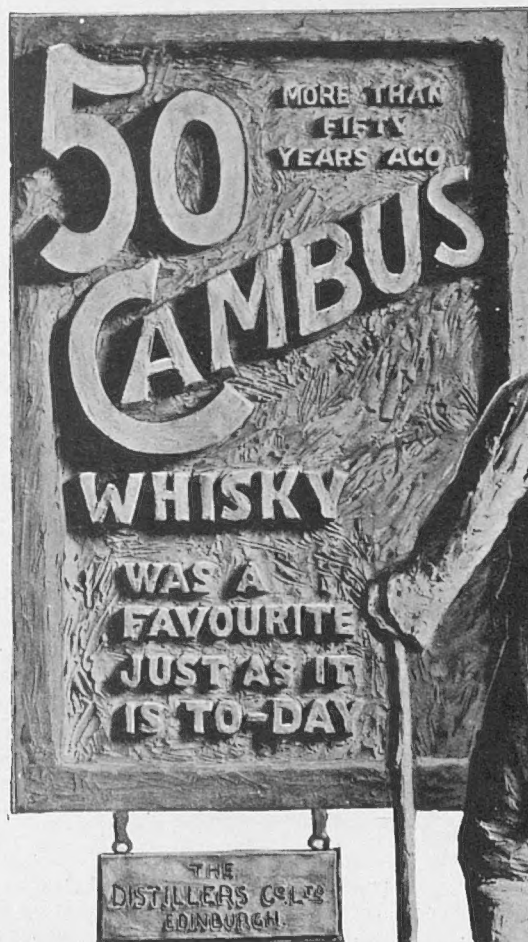
Your pots and pans should all be cleaned with SPARKLA Scouring and Polishing Soap, not with greasy pastes which always leave an oily film.

Sparkla banishes every trace of rust, grease, and dirt; makes such things as frying pans good to look upon—good to cook upon. It's as good for scouring floors as for brightening pots and kettles and pans—you try it!

**WATSON'S
SPARKLA
SCOURING & POLISHING SOAP**

3d. and 1d. per tablet. Of Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores.

1,000,000 prizes, value £160 500, for wrapper-savers. Every prize guaranteed full value. Full list of prizes and all particulars free from your dealer, or direct from JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.



Shem-el-Nessim
THE SCENT OF ARABY.
AN INSPIRATION IN PERFUME.

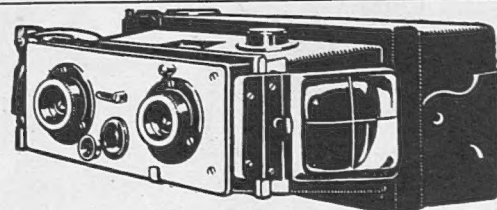
Exquisitely Suggestive of Oriental Luxury.

A subtle scent, with a delicate fragrance all its own. A scent of rare and restrained luxuriousness. A scent creating an air of personal distinction.

2/6, 4/6 and 8/6 per bottle. Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

J. GROSSMITH & SON, DISTILLERS OF PERFUME
NEWGATE STREET LONDON E.C.

THE . . .
VERASCOPE



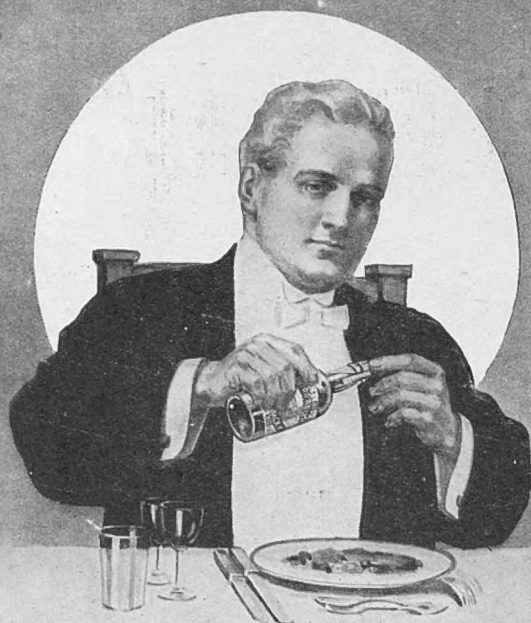
STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Any amateur can master Stereoscopic Photography with the Verascope; it is the only Camera which obviates slow and disappointing progress towards perfection. Simply but scientifically constructed, it gives you splendid results. See the beautiful pictures at Verascope House any day; but write to-day for List No. 4 and full information.

JULES RICHARD

VERASCOPE HOUSE

23a Albemarle Street, Piccadilly W.



The effect of Yorkshire Relish with your fish, flesh or fowl is difficult to define—but to experience it—ah!

6d., 1/- and 2/- everywhere.
GOODALL BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

YORKSHIRE RELISH

Easter at Brighton

**You can't do better—
you certainly might do
much worse—than a trip
to Brighton, staying at the**

OLD SHIP HOTEL

Tariff Booklet, on Inclusive Terms, on application

*For the run
to Brighton
for the day:*

*Special
LUNCHEON 3/6*

*Special
DINNER 5/-*

BUSCH

PRISM BINOCULARS

ARE OPTICALLY AND MECHANICALLY

PERFECT.

Our List contains the largest selection of Prism Binoculars made by any one firm in the world. They are designed to meet the wants of all who require a reliable aid to vision at a moderate price.



Of all opticians or post free from
EMIL BUSCH OPTICAL CO.
35, Charles St.,
Hatton Garden,
London, E.C.

CINDERELLA DEEP,

LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

The following is a résumé of a statement issued to Shareholders:—

The present mining area of the Cinderella Deep property is 289 claims, with a reduction plant (installed and producing) of 100 stamps, and equivalent cyanide works, plant, and machinery. With the incorporation of the additional areas provided for in the scheme, the property of the amalgamated Company will be enlarged to approximately 2,092 claims. The consideration to be given by the Company for the claims and other assets to be acquired is as follows:

Vendor.	Assets to be acquired.	Purchase Price.	
		In Cash.	In Shares.
South Cinderella Deep, Ltd. ...	357 claims	—	35,700
Rand Central, Ltd. ...	249 claims and £130,000 in cash ...	—	200,000
Leeuwpoot G. M. Co., Ltd. ...	65 claims (with debt of approximately £1600)	—	23,750
George Albu	655 claims	—	150,000
East Proprietary Deep, Ltd. ...	120 "	£150,000	—
Hercules Deep, Ltd. ...	238 "	50,000	—
East Rand Proprietary Mines, Ltd.	16'47 "	15,000	—
G. Sonn	17 "	3,400	—
M. Ginsberg	8 "	3,200	—
M. Celliers	93 of a claim	750	—
Mining Leases Board	45'85 claims Rand Central W.R. ...	} On terms to be arranged with Transvaal Government.	
Do. do.	24'73 claims Boksburg Dam, &c. ...		
Do. do.	6'11 claims Vogelfontein township		
Total area to be acquired ...	1,803'09 claims		
Cinderella Deep, Limited ...	289 " ..		
Total area of new concern ...	2,092'09 claims.	£222,350	409,450

Provision has been made in the Resolutions to be submitted at the Special General Meeting to be held in Johannesburg on the 13th May, 1910, for an alteration of the Company's name to the more comprehensive one of

"CINDERELLA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED,"

and for the increase of the Capital as follows:—

	Shares.
Present Capital	500,000
To be issued to Vendors	409,450
To be issued for Working Capital	250,000

(These Shares, which the General Mining and Finance Corporation, Limited, and Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, have agreed to subscribe at £2 per Share will, by arrangement, be offered to Shareholders of the Cinderella Deep, Limited, registered as on the 27th April in the proportion of one new Share for every two Shares held, at the price of £2 2s. per Share.)

Issued Capital	1,159,450
Powers will also be taken to further increase the Capital as follows:—	
To meet the conversion of the £500,000 Debenture issue, referred to below, into Shares (at the rate of three Shares for every £10 of Debentures)	150,000
For provision of further Working Capital (if required) and for other purposes	190,550
Total authorised Capital	1,500,000

It is also proposed to create and issue 5½ First Mortgage Debentures to the amount of £500,000

These Debentures, which the General Mining and Finance Corporation, Limited, and Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, have agreed to subscribe at 95 per cent., will, by arrangement be offered at par to Shareholders of the Cinderella Deep, Limited, registered on April 27 in the proportion of £10 Debentures for every 10 Shares held.

The Debentures will be issued in bonds of £10, £50, and £100, and will be payable in two instalments, 50 per cent. on application, and 50 per cent. on the 1st June, 1911. Holders of fully paid Debentures will be entitled during a period ending 1st June, 1913, to convert their Debentures into fully paid Shares of the Company at the rate of three Shares for every £10 Debenture. Redemption will take place by annual drawings of £25,000, commencing in the year 1915.

There will accrue from the issue of the 250,000 Shares, £500,000; from the Debenture issue, £475,000; and cash from the Rand Central, Ltd., say, £130,000, or a total of £1,105,000

From this must be deducted cash payable to Vendors, £222,350; debt of Cinderella Deep, Ltd., say, £200,000; and debt of Leeuwpoot G. M. Co., Ltd., say, £1,600 423,950

Cash remaining in hand for working Capital £681,050

The report of Mr. B. Kopelowitz, the Technical Adviser to the Company, sets forth the proposals which have been formulated for the development of the amalgamated area. Two new shafts are to be sunk and connected with the workings from the existing vertical shaft on the Cinderella Deep property. In all probability a new mill will be installed on the ground to be acquired, in addition to which the existing reduction plant of 100 heavy stamps may be augmented. The intention is to proceed energetically with shaft sinking and development, with a view to opening up a sufficiently large tonnage of reef to warrant, in the first instance, the plant being increased to a capacity of 1,200,000 tons per annum, and, later on, to 2,500,000 tons per annum. In the opinion of the Technical Adviser, the data gained from the mining operations of the Cinderella Deep, and in the development of the mines to the north, indicate that the satisfactory values there met with will extend into the new mining area to be acquired by the Company. During 1909, the Cinderella Deep crushed 157,548 tons, which gave an average recovery value of about 29s. 3d. per ton. The Technical Adviser estimates the ore contained in the combined area of the Consolidated Company to be in excess of 50,000,000 tons; the average value (as standing in the mine), when mining and milling on a moderate basis, being probably about 27s. 6d. per ton. This latter figure is likely to be reduced when crushing on the large scale which it is intended to attain, but the inclusion of the low grade ore to be sent to the mill under such conditions will be more than justified by the reduction in working costs. It is confidently anticipated, by both the Technical Adviser and the Manager of the Company, that the profit will not be less than 10s. per ton milled, which, with a plant capable of crushing 1,200,000 tons per annum, would mean an annual profit of about £600,000, and with the projected treatment of 2,500,000 tons per annum, would yield an annual profit exceeding £1,000,000. The Consolidated Company will commence its existence with an up-to-date plant already in operation, development work in progress, an enormous extent of valuable mining ground, and amply provided with working capital. The prospects of the enlarged Company under such conditions, owning a mining area of over 2,000 claims in the most favoured section of the East Rand, are such as to ensure for it a prosperous career over a prolonged period of years.



Trade Mark.

We have much pleasure in informing you that we are now in a position to give prompt delivery in all sizes and patterns of our 1910 MODEL

Continental Tyres

Motorists who have not yet tested the Latest Models should, in their own interests, do so at the earliest possible moment, for as a result of the great improvements manifest in the New Types the wear and durability will be found to exceed any other tyre yet produced.

CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO.
(Great Britain), Ltd.

Write for List.

102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Thief of Virtue."

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(John Murray.)

There is one way of possessing land to which the most rabid Socialist could take no exception. And since it is no longer fashionable to open a story with "Once upon a time in a certain country," whole counties have been thus acquired for their owners to place in castle and cottage whom they will. At least, in the phrase of the moment, it may be truly said of such proprietors that they "develop the land." What does not Wessex owe to the author of "The Woodlanders" and "The Return of the Native"? Would Scotland still be Scotland for us Southerners, unowned by Scott and Stevenson? And never did corner of England belong more rightly to living man than does "Dartymoor" to Mr. Eden Phillpotts. Here is a tribute, from his new novel, "The Thief of Virtue," to the monuments of its prehistoric past: "Upon the autumnal heath at gloaming, some stood like square tombstones in a water-logged burying-place of eld, and some were fallen. Stern, mysterious, and significant they spread; and by the gathering darkness round them; by the waste spaces all seamed and scarred with storm; by the few that stood tirelessly through the centuries and the many that had dropped; by the cryptic writing of ebony and silver scrawled on their faces, and by the emblem of eternity they dimly shadowed as the hill, they might be known. But the hieroglyph of the lichen is not so obscure; the story it tells of Nature's beginning is not so undecipherable as that of the Grey Wethers themselves and the thing they stood for to men's hearts in the far-off morning of the Age of Bronze." Within this amphitheatre, among some cottages and humble farms beside the Dart, Mr. Phillpotts has found a drama rich in material as the Devon soil, and musical with its tongue; for such words as "bowldacious" and "gert" and "pinnicking" are delightful even outside Devonshire. Only after a good two hundred pages is the inner meaning of his title revealed. Two men, believing themselves to bear the relations each to other of father and son, are tragically antipathetic: the elder a pagan of generous impulse; the younger a pious prig and Little Baptist, steadfast in saving money or souls. "A thief of virtue," says the former hotly; "stole it without paying for it; about so virtuous really as my grandfather's clock—ticks good time, and nothing else. That's not virtue; 'tis machinery." At Mr. Phillpotts' call Love and Hate and Philosophy and Little Baptists—"All flesh is grass," said Mr. Twigg. "So's sugar and bread; but you don't roll your eyes over them," answered Miss Hext—live warm about the frozen ruins of the Moor; and in the heart of his story he evokes a moment of

Death, which for its grim thrill can scarcely be matched outside the pages of Maupassant. Following a long and closely written book, no reader can attain its final pages failing to be stimulated by such fine artistry and its culmination in the dead figure on the Moor. It is found by the perfect mechanism, the spurious son, upon the crown of the tor as an evening wind played faint music. He "carefully drew the dead man's watch out of his pocket. It was an heirloom of gold."

"Eve in Earnest."

BY JOHN BARNETT.
(Smith, Elder.)

The story of "Eve in Earnest" will make a pleasant pastime for either Eve or Adam at play. When a delightful young woman suffers change from poverty to wealth, and by the same process from happiness to woe, it is always interesting to see her further till she shall have recovered her kingdom. Also it is useless to deny the keen feeling of exhilaration with which you help your heroine open a letter containing a £25 cheque when you know she has just pawned her bracelet. Besides these satisfactions, Mr. Barnett contributes a group of smartly painted portraits—recognisable, for they are types. And one charming improbability, in the way of what Mrs. Gamby, his landlady, would have called "a literary gent." But he is so charming that one accepts him gratefully. The already bright pages are illuminated with much observation of the world, and frequent sly ironies which are a good-natured laugh at it. "It was a fact that he rarely read poetry. Many people do not. It gives them a vague, but delightful sense of superiority." And this, apropos of a clergyman, will find an echo among the laity: "He was an admirable husband, upon old-fashioned, scriptural lines, but Lady Scaleby's conversation was erecting him upon a pedestal, and any honest husband will tell you that it is easier to keep your footing upon a pedestal in the absence of your wife."

"A Perfect Passion."

BY MRS. STANLEY WRENCH.
(John Long.)

Of quite different matter is Mrs. Stanley Wrench's "A Perfect Passion." Furious heart-throbs, souls aflame, and illegitimate babies; many passions, but little perfection, are some of the impressions left by its perusal. It is consoling, however, to reflect that tumults and sorrows such as these are difficult to treat as sane criticism of life. And as even the author feels that the convent is a poor refuge for so tortured a heroine, it is kind of her to draw the final curtain. If Mrs. Wrench, remembering her Shakespeare, would let them—the wicked men—go, and allow her women, pleasant in themselves, to be blithe and bonny, her story might be so much pleasanter in the reading.



"THE PREMIER FOOD" OF ITS CLASS.

This is what the "Medical Times" (June 26, 1909) says of

PLASMON OATS

The finest oats grown in Scotland, combined with Plasmon—no husk, no fibre, require only 4 minutes' boiling—**6d. PER PACKET**

Sir J. C., M.D., writes—"They are simply magnificent, and I have porridge made from them every morning."

PLASMON COCOA

The "Lancet" says, "Plasmon increases the food value enormously." **9d. per tin.**

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY

"The Feeding of the Nations" ("Truth") post free.

PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. B. 146), Farringdon St., London, E.C.

BOVRIL

repels colds, chills and influenza